

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Kennedy







**BY WAY  
of  
CHEROKEE**

**Thelma Sharman Brown**



**Miss Thelma Sharman Brown**

# BY WAY OF CHEROKEE

*By*

THELMA SHARMAN BROWN

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Home Mission Board  
SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION  
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*Baptist Missions Among the American Indians* by Carl Coke Rister. For adults.

*By Way of Cherokee* by Thelma Brown. For young people.

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JOE W. BURTON

*Editor of the Series*

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## THE AUTHOR

Thelma Sharman Brown is a native of Florida, a graduate of Florida State College for Women and of Stetson University. Her teaching experience included instruction in Florida public schools and in English at Bethel Woman's College in Kentucky. She completed work for a master of arts degree at Peabody College for Teachers in 1943.

As book consultant for the Sunday School Board she has the responsibility of selecting books from all publishers for various catalogues and for sale through the Baptist Book Stores.

For many years she has been interested in racial groups in America. Her special interest in the Indians dates from a trip to the mission fields of the Southwest, made in 1935, in company with Mrs. Una Roberts Lawrence and other mission leaders. This interest has intensified through the years as she has continued her study and research in this field. She has visited and revisited most of the Reservations throughout the South and Southwest and counts as personal friends many Indians, old and young. However she has had more associations among the Cherokees in western North Carolina than any other tribe and has visited there numerous times.

Miss Brown has taught nearly every age group in the Sunday School. She has been program chairman of the Business Women's Circle of her W.M.U., chairman of the church library committee, mission study chairman of the Nashville Business Women's Federation, and associate chairman of the book forum of the Sunday School Board. She is a member of the Red Cross, D.A.R., and Y.W.C.A.



## INTRODUCTION

This is the story of a trip four young people made to the Cherokee Indian Reservation in western North Carolina, in the spring before Pearl Harbor.

Perhaps the first question you who read it will ask is, Is it true?

If you have visited this home of the Eastern Band of the Cherokees you will recognize the setting and descriptions, and if you are acquainted with the Indians you will be able to identify several of the characters. You will know that the portrayal of the missionaries and the government officials is true to life. Some of you may recognize the names and descriptions of the four visitors. It will be easy to check for factual accuracy both Cherokee history and Baptist missionary backgrounds.

It should be understood, however, that the sequence of events and the plot of this narrative are fiction. Although most of the characters are real people there are three, Brian Sauwood, Sally Archee and Joe Allan, who are composites and have fictional names.

My friends in Cherokee, both Indian and white, have given me permission to use them as spokesmen, and I have tried to present them as they are. In some instances I have quoted them verbatim, as Moses Owl's story of Tsali which I have heard him tell many times.

You will want to know that although this trip is an imaginary one, the attitudes and reactions of Jerry and the girls are similar to those of other groups who have accompanied me at various times to Cherokee. All of the missionary incidents and references have been carefully verified. For instance, the story of Richard Wolfe is

given as it was told by eyewitnesses at Chilocco to Mrs. Una Roberts Lawrence. Richard's mother, Mrs. Moses Owl, corroborated it, and told me about her stranger-than-fiction connection with early Baptist history in New Mexico.

With the exception of the solution of Brian's problem, as revealed in the last pages and which is purely wishful thinking, nearly all of the events and conversation have taken place at one time or another. To most of them I have been observer, or listener, or participant in the more than fifteen times I have gone by way of Cherokee.

To all of those who have had an active share in furnishing material for this book, in helping me prepare it, and in other ways assisting, I give my heartfelt thanks.

If you who read it will have a better understanding of and appreciation for the American who is known as the Indian, all who have helped me and I will be grateful. If reading it will make you want a more personal part in Christ's missionary program, which begins with your nearest neighbor, we shall be repaid.

THELMA SHARMAN BROWN.

Nashville, Tennessee

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## CHAPTER I

### LET'S GET ACQUAINTED

It was just before midday one Thursday in early June. An automobile with a Tennessee license skimmed lightly over the smooth western North Carolina highway.

Jerry Williams, the driver, depended on Joyce Bailey at his side for directions from the road map, while his sister Margaret and Ann Walker on the back seat exclaimed over the spectacular views they passed.

These four young people had driven seventy miles west from Asheville that morning toward the Smoky Mountain National Park on the famous scenic route.

There had been a long climb up lofty Balsam Mountain, through the sharp gash across the Gap, then a quick descent through Waynesville to the little town of Sylvia. Here the road flattened. For several miles the road followed an inky black river, which, specked with white foam, twisted around boulders back and forth at the foot of the mountain.

Just a few miles east of the Tennessee line, Joyce announced in her best tourist-guide voice, "You are now entering the Qualla Indian Reservation, home of the Eastern Band of the Cherokees."

"We can read signs, too," Ann called as she looked out of the window, "but where are the Indians?"

Jerry, clasping the wheel tightly, leaned forward and gave an imitation warwhoop. He peered dramatically, first through the dense forest at the right of the winding

road, then left across the foaming waters of the rock-bedded stream.

"No Indians here; no Indians there! I don't see any tepees, either. Say, girls, I think we're gyped!"

"Jerry!" Margaret hushed her brother. "We keep telling you that these aren't wild Indians. Look Ann, there are some Cherokees!"

Before the words were out of her mouth Jerry dashed the car past a couple of bare-headed teen-age boys dressed in blue jeans and brogans. Their dark skin and straight black hair was all that distinguished them from other mountain boys they had noticed striding along the highway.

"Yippee!" yelled Jerry. "And two redskins bit the dust!"

"Oh, Jerry!" Joyce was distressed. This trip had been her idea, and she had hoped they all would enjoy it. Jerry had talked about wild Indians all the way. "We'll arrive at the village in a few minutes, and I do want the Fitzgerald's and their Cherokee friends to know you have nice manners."

It was not that Jerry, a popular twenty-two-year-old medical student, did not know how to behave, but he was not feeling very happy over this trip to Cherokee. A four-day visit to an Indian Reservation was not his idea of the best way to spend the few remaining days of their vacation. He had gladly driven his sister and her two girl friends from their home in Nashville to Asheville. There he had spent ten days with his college roommate while the girls attended a missionary camp at Ridgecrest, the Baptist Assembly grounds, a few miles east.

When the camp had closed the day before, instead of joining him for a house party with his friends, as they had planned, the girls had suddenly decided to return

home by the longer route through the Smokies, by way of Cherokee. The girls had developed an intense interest in Indians after hearing Mrs. Aaron Hancock, an Indian missionary from Oklahoma, speak at Ridgecrest. Joyce, who had studied in mission classes about Baptist work among the North Carolina Cherokees, had written the Home Board missionaries there, Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Fitzgerald, asking for help in planning the trip to the Reservation, so as to see as much as possible of the home and church life of the Indians.

While Jerry was quite disappointed over missing the fun he had planned, he was a good sport and did not really intend to spoil the trip they were so keen to take.

"O.K., Joyce," he agreed, "I'll be good. But I hope you know what you are talking about when you say that I'll enjoy this jaunt. If you had listened to me, we would be back in Asheville swimming in Beaver Lake instead of going on what you call a missionary tour. Frankly, I think it's a wild Indian chase."

"Jerry, you were sweet to change your plans for us," said Joyce appreciatively. "I don't know how it will turn out, but we have heard so much about the Indians and missionaries and their work that we wanted to come over and get acquainted for ourselves."

"All right, then. Let's get acquainted, but let's don't get too chummy; and don't expect me to get excited over a bunch of lazy Indians!"

At the next sharp curve of the road, the river drew away from the steep mountain and left a wide level ledge for the small but busy village. Refreshment stands, filling stations, crowded country stores displaying pottery, baskets, war bonnets, and other Indian finery lined the main street for about two blocks.

Double-parked cars from a dozen states narrowed the

street, and Jerry had to stop to let a large Smoky Mountain sight-seeing bus loaded with passengers pull away from the entrance of a picturesque trading post with a big sign, "The Cherokee Chieftain," over the door.

"We aren't the only visitors here," observed Ann. "It looks like there are more white people than Indians."

"But there are plenty of Indians, too, aren't there?" Margaret was delighted. "Oh, Joyce, see the mother with the little baby tied on her back with a sheet!"

It was a fascinating scene. Old men in overalls and black felt hats lounged on the low porches of the little shops, seemingly unmindful of the crowded streets. Elderly old women wearing long, full, gingham dresses, their hair completely covered by red bandanas, sat serenely on split-bottom chairs which the shop-keepers had placed conveniently on the porches. All ages of Indians, many of them with skins as light as the visitors', shifted in and out of the buildings, paying scant attention to the curious stares of tourists.

"Look, there's the big chief!" Jerry forgot he was not interested as he saw one, then several dressed-up Cherokees wearing war bonnets like the Indians of the West did before they adopted the white man's ways.

The so-called chieftains were having target practice with long bows and arrows along the front and sides of the trading posts. One Indian was blowing darts through what appeared to be a long fishing pole. At more than fifty feet he neatly hit the bull's-eye time after time.

"What's that he's shooting with?" Ann was curious.

"I believe it's a blow gun," Joyce explained. "I read about those weapons in *The Cherokees*, Mrs. Fitzgerald's book."

"Huh! not bad." Archery was Jerry's favorite sport. "Suppose they'll let me try it?"

"I'm sure they will. See!" Margaret pointed to a good-looking young Indian wearing a feathered head dress a short distance away. He was giving instructions to a tourist on how to hold the arrow in the bow.

"Cherokee Lodge, Indian Inn, the Wigwam! Where do we go, Joyce?" the chauffeur wanted to know as he glanced at the various signs up and down the street.

"We have reservations here at the Cherokee Inn, Jerry."

It was a temptation to linger in the entrance of the Inn, for the long front room was filled with hand-carved wooden objects, colorful Indian jewelry, and scores of other trinkets. The girls mentally selected a dozen souvenirs while they were registering and Jerry spied a long bow and arrow that he determined to own.

"Isn't this a thrilling place?" Ann asked the other girls as they were shown into their attractive connecting bedrooms upstairs.

In a minute Jerry tapped at his sister's door. "When do we eat?"

"Go on down, Jerry," suggested Margaret. "We will join you in a few minutes."

Secretly Jerry was glad to get back downstairs alone to look at the unusual sights. He sat quietly on one end of a long bench just outside the dining room entrance on the porch. The young archery instructor they had noticed as they entered attracted his special attention. Tall and lithe, he was dressed in a trim, light tan sport suit with the shirt loose, very much like the blue one Jerry was wearing. It reminded Jerry a little of pictures of the old-time Indian tunic and leggings. The soft feathers of his big head dress fanned gracefully back and forth in the wind as the archer moved about. Apparently the Indian boy's mind was not fully on his rather inept pupil. He kept looking up the highway as if watching for some-

one, and was seemingly relieved when the lesson was over. He came over to the Inn porch. He stood by the steps, arrows in one hand, and in the other he held his long bow upright by his side, reaching fully a foot above his head. His sharp eyes checked every arriving car.

A bus from Asheville stopped across the street in front of the trading post which served as the bus station. One or two Indians and a couple of tourists got out.

"Jerry," called Joyce from the door, "we are ready for lunch."

At that moment someone beckoned to the Indian archer and he went back into the Inn just as Jerry turned to join Joyce.

"Hey! who's that?" Joyce asked suddenly, stepping out on the porch.

"Who? Where?" Jerry followed her look of curiosity.

The driver was lifting several pieces of expensive looking baggage out of the trunk compartment at the back of the big bus.

"Looks like a drum and a trumpet in those odd-shaped black cases," observed Jerry.

A tall swarthy man dressed in a smart tailored suit helped collect his bags.

"Ummnnn," Joyce was getting excited. "If he had a mustache, I'd think he was Clark Gable!"

"He's an Indian all right," Jerry asserted, "but I haven't noticed any other Indian with that much style."

"Nobody seems to be meeting him. Wonder if he lives here?"

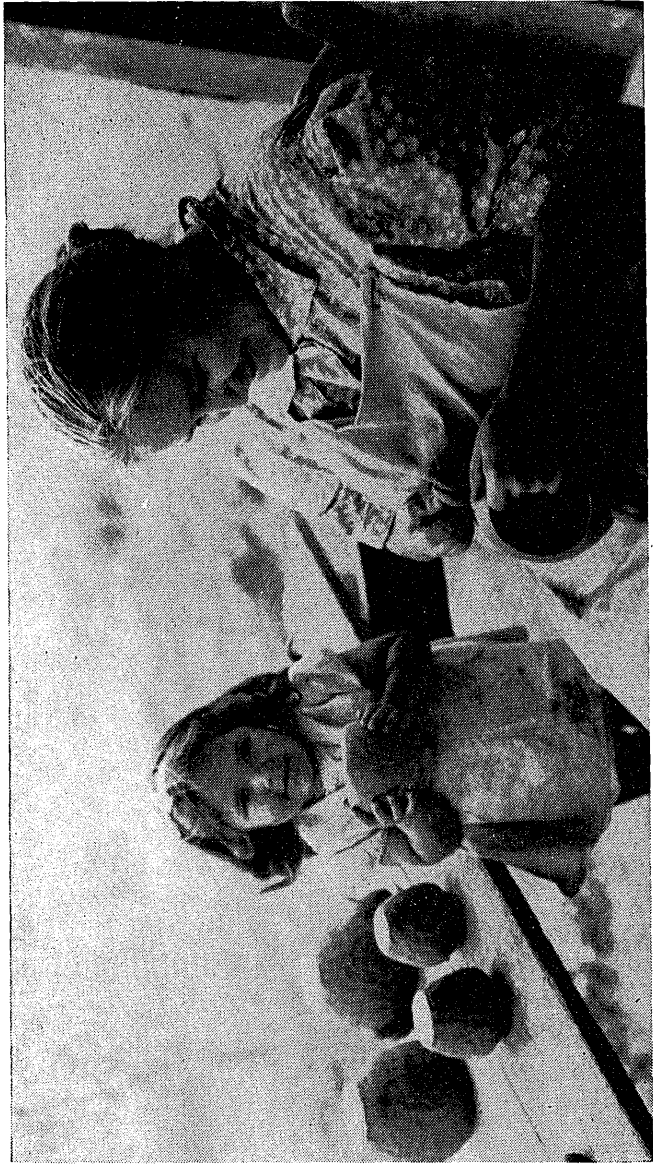
"Come on," Margaret beckoned from the table she and Ann were saving. "They are ready to take our orders."

As soon as the waitress left with their orders, Joyce



**This "dressed-up" Cherokee draws business for the trading post and furnishes the atmosphere that tourists expect on an Indian reservation.**





**Mrs. Will Welch, wife of a Baptist preacher, shows how the gray and black vases are smoothed and polished. Her little grand-daughter helps too. The Cherokees learned to make pottery from their Catawba neighbors.**

and Jerry began telling about the handsome new comer. Although they could see the street from the many-windowed dining room, all traces of the baggage and its owner had disappeared.

"Are you sure you saw such a man?" Margaret wondered. But the subject was dropped as they turned to their fried chicken and apple pie.

After lunch the others wanted to stop in the craft shop, but Joyce rushed them along. "We must go on, for you remember we wrote the Fitzgerald's to expect us soon after noon."

As they started down the steps she smiled at the good-looking young archer who had returned to his post on the porch. "Will you tell us, please, where the Fitzgerald's live?"

"Oh," he smiled politely, "are you Mrs. Fitzgerald's visitors? She asked me to watch for you and bring you over. I wonder how I missed you. My name's Brian Sauwood." He reached out a friendly hand and Joyce introduced the others.

"You were too busy with your archery pupil to see us when we came in," Margaret said, as they started walking.

"Say! How about giving me a couple of lessons while I'm here?" suggested Jerry as he caught step with Brian.

"I thought you were too good to need lessons," teased his sister.

"Well, I'll admit I'm pretty good, but I need a little practice," boasted Jerry half seriously.

Joyce and Ann were walking a few steps behind Margaret and the boys. "Ask Brian if he knows the good-looking Indian who got off the bus," suggested Ann, still curious.

"Oh, no!" Joyce said timidly. "I couldn't do that."

As they walked past the bus station and the small post office next door Joyce noticed a winding path leading up the mountain that rose abruptly behind the street.

"Look! Ann!" she exclaimed, as she caught a fleeting glimpse of an Indian high above the village, gazing across to the distant hills.

Ann glanced up quickly. He stood there, a tall straight figure against the trunk of a towering pine. Before they could be sure that he was a real person, another tree blocked their vision. They looked again and he was gone.

Jerry was asking about the blow gun they had noticed.

"The Indians used to shoot birds, squirrels, rabbits, and other small game with it," Brian told him. "Now it's just for sport like bows and arrows."

Joyce and Ann walked a little faster, and joined the conversation as they crossed the bridge which spanned the swift Oconolufy River flowing through the town.

## CHAPTER II

### THE HOUSE BY THE OCONOLUFTY

It was easy to distinguish the mission. A sign, "Cherokee Baptist Church," hung over the door of a neat two-story brown frame building which faced the road on their left just beyond the bridge.

"It's their house we're looking for." Joyce thought he had misunderstood for Brian turned toward the church.

"Same place," Brian assured her. "The Fitzgerald's live in the church." He led them to the opposite end of the building. The little vine-covered porch made an inviting entrance to the missionaries' apartment.

Joyce, who recognized the slender white-haired missionary and his gracious friendly wife from their pictures which she had seen in mission magazines, stepped forward to introduce herself and present her friends.

"We've been looking for you." Dr. Fitzgerald cordially shook hands all around.

"Come in, all of you," Mrs. Fitzgerald added, then turned to Brian as he started back to the Inn. "Thank you so much for looking after our guests. Be sure to join us when you are off duty."

"How is your father?" the visitors heard Dr. Fitzgerald ask Brian as they followed Mrs. Fitzgerald into the living room.

"Some better today, thank you," they heard him answer as he walked away.

"Is his father sick?" Margaret asked anxiously.

Mrs. Fitzgerald nodded regretfully. "Mr. Sauwood has been ill many years with tuberculosis and lately he has been growing worse."

Dr. Fitzgerald came in and as they were seated Margaret was saying, "He seems such a nice boy."

"Brian is one of the finest young men on the Reservation," the missionary added. "He has just graduated from high school last month with highest honors, and is an all-around athlete. There is not a more dependable boy anywhere. He's as straight as a string."

"How old is he?" asked Joyce.

"Eighteen, I believe," Mrs. Fitzgerald replied. Jerry was surprised. He had not realized this well-developed fellow was as much as four years his junior.

"It will mean a great deal for him to get acquainted with you Christian young people, for although Brian's parents are Christians, he himself is not," Dr. Fitzgerald said confidentially in his quiet formal manner. "So many boys and girls whom he meets as they travel through Cherokee give no evidence that they are interested in anything but the most frivolous life. It seems strange, but often people leave their good behavior at home when they go on a vacation."

"Gosh," Jerry said to himself. "I certainly have never thought of being an example to anybody."

Dr. Fitzgerald turned to the eldest of his guests. "Are all of you young people in college, Miss Williams?"

"Oh, no. That is, not now. I finished at Blue Mountain College in Mississippi two years ago, and got my Master's at Peabody College in Nashville last year. I am now working in a bank. And Joyce, in spite of her very youthful looks," she smiled at this dainty little girl, her soft brown ringlets caught up with a blue bow, "is a very capable office secretary at the Baptist Sunday School Board. She is also the president of the Nashville Young Women's Auxiliary and knows more about missions than

the rest of us put together. Jerry," she continued with an affectionate glance at her big younger brother, "graduated from Carson-Newman College a year ago and has just finished his first year in medicine at Vanderbilt University. Ann Walker, our attractive red head, is now a junior at Carson-Newman and president of the college Young Women's Auxiliary."

At the mention of Carson-Newman, Dr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald looked pleased. "So you and Jerry are from our school," he remarked. "In fact, Jefferson City is Mrs. Fitzgerald's home. It may interest you to know that the 'Newman' part of the college name was in honor of her grandfather."

"Oh, yes," Joyce remembered, "you signed your letter Mary Newman Fitzgerald."

"That's right." Then turning to Ann she inquired, "Isn't this your first experience with the Indians, Miss Walker?"

Ann tossed her long red curls and admitted, "Yes, and even though I majored in American history, all I've ever known before has been from stories like *Hiawatha* or *Leather-Stocking*, or what I've studied about the blood-thirsty savages who massacred the white settlers."

"Had you ever thought," the missionary asked quietly, "that you read very seldom about the Indians killing the early explorers, or the early missionaries, or even the early traders? It was not until later when they realized their lands and homes were in grave danger that they took such desperate measures. Remember, too, all you've ever read was written by white historians who usually painted just one side of the picture."

"I'm afraid we haven't thought much at all about our 'first Americans,'" confessed Margaret. "I've been keenly

interested in the opportunities of other minority groups in the United States, but until now the Indians have seemed remote and unreal."

Jerry had perched on the stairway. "Well, I'll admit the only Indian I've thought much about is Little Wahoo." At the missionaries' puzzled expressions he quickly explained, "In the funnies, you know. As for the rest of my education it has come mainly from the Saturday evening movies. I can just see," he gesticulated dramatically, "the sly old rascals, tomahawk in one hand, scalping knife in the other, creep from their tepees to the covered wagons and snatch the defenseless women by the hair! Then suddenly the brave pioneers return from the buffalo hunt, rescue their ladies, and make all the red men bite the dust!"

"So that's why you kept looking for *wild* Indians all the way over here!" exclaimed Joyce.

"Sure, and I haven't even seen a tepee," he shrugged his shoulders disappointedly.

"You won't be apt to," Dr. Fitzgerald informed him. "These Indians have lived in substantial log houses since long before the coming of the white man."

"I was surprised to see the war bonnets on the men in the village," Joyce commented. "They weren't worn by the Cherokees in olden days, were they, Dr. Fitzgerald?"

"No, Miss Bailey, until the Smoky Mountain National Park Highway brought a stream of curious tourists through here these past ten years our Indians scarcely had heard of them. They had been wearing white peoples' styles for one hundred years or longer. But the souvenir and craft shopmen soon discovered that the public expected Indian costumes. Since then a number of our Cherokee men and boys bedeck themselves in 'Made in Chicago'

eagle feather bonnets and stand out in front of the shops to attract trade and provide atmosphere."

Ann said, "I'm interested in the way the women dress. Do they all wear kerchiefs and carry babies on their backs?"

Mrs. Fitzgerald explained, "Fashions for the older women haven't changed much since my mother's day, but the majority of other women, the men, and children dress like people in other rural communities. But even modern girls who have been away to school cling to the custom of carrying babies on their backs. They insist the babies are healthier and better cared for that way."

"By the way, Dr. Fitzgerald, Jerry and I saw the best looking Indian man get off the bus at noon. He was dressed like a movie actor and had about six bags," said Joyce.

"Yes, and some of his bags looked as if they contained musical instruments," added Jerry.

The missionaries looked at each other inquiringly. "I'm sure we haven't heard of anyone who answers to that description being expected." Dr. Fitzgerald was a little puzzled.

"Perhaps it was a western Indian coming for a visit," suggested Mrs. Fitzgerald.

"I told them they must have imagined him," laughed Margaret, "for he certainly disappeared in a hurry."

"No they didn't," Ann spoke hastily. "I saw him, too."

"You saw him?" Margaret was skeptical.

Just as Ann and Joyce were explaining the glimpse they had of the mystery man on their way over to the house from the Inn, they heard voices outside and a slender blond girl about Margaret's age ran up the front steps and entered the open door. She was accompanied by a very attractive Indian girl dressed in modern school-



girl, skirt-and-sweater fashion. After Mrs. Fitzgerald introduced her daughter, Mary; she then presented Sally Archee, from the Seminole tribe in Florida.

Dr. Fitzgerald added, "Mary teaches school in Asheville, but as soon as school is out each spring she rushes up here to help us with our Vacation Bible School."

"And this year," Mary smiled, "I have an assistant. Sally graduated from high school last month, but is remaining over through June to help us. She wants to learn the program from start to finish so she can go back home and plan Vacation Bible Schools with Mr. Willie King for the little children of the Everglades."

"Have you started your school yet?" asked Joyce.

"We've just finished a two-weeks' school at Rock Springs Church with forty children," Mary told them, "and we'll begin one here at the mission next Monday."

"I'm sure we're supposed to know," Margaret was rather embarrassed, "but is Mr. Willie King a missionary?"

"Yes," Dr. Fitzgerald told the visitors. "He is a Creek Indian from Oklahoma, and a very earnest Baptist missionary, appointed by the Home Mission Board. He has been working among the Seminoles in South Florida for several years. Since he has been there many changes have taken place among those Indians.

"Because of their ancient bitterness toward the white man they have refused through the years to accept our ways. They even refused to have schools, so afraid were they that the tribe might begin to mix with the whites. Not until 1932 when Willie King felt the call to take the Gospel to his distant kinsmen did they listen to any missionary. A number of these Indians are now loyal Christians and they have a little church of their own. Although many of them now let their children attend the

school recently built by the Government, Sally has been coming up here for several years. Her parents were among Mr. King's first converts and she has the distinction of being the first girl in her tribe to graduate from high school."

"Congratulations, Sally!" Margaret said with a friendly smile.

Mrs. Fitzgerald reminded them, "It's nearly time for the appointment we have made for you with the chief. Perhaps we had better explain the plans Mr. Fitzgerald and I have made for your visit. We thought today would be a good time to see the Indian and government officials, so we have made arrangements for you to meet several of them. Joyce, this is the list of our government leaders, and the time they will be expecting you. The tribal chief will be here presently to escort you to the council house where we have arranged to have you meet an interesting Indian who knows much of the history of his people."

"The chief!" Ann was excited. "Will we get to meet a real chief?"

Dr. Fitzgerald nodded, then Margaret asked, "Is that frame building across the street the council home? The one with the bronze tablets in the yard?"

"Yes," Mrs. Fitzgerald stepped to the window facing the highway, "and as you see it occupies the lower right corner of a large open tract. The big brick buildings on the hill in the center comprise the Indian Agency. There are the administration building, the school buildings and dormitories, and the hospital."

Dr. Fitzgerald added, cordially, "Tonight we would like to have you come back here. There may be questions you would like to ask that occur to you after you have talked with others. We would like also to tell you some-

thing of the religious life of the people, and of our Baptist work here."

Dr. Fitzgerald had scarcely spoken when a keen-eyed, wiry man, perhaps in his forties, came briskly up the steps.

"Come in, Chief, we were just talking about you."

In spite of what she had been told about the civilized Cherokees, Ann was a bit disappointed that he looked just like any other well-dressed businessman. The missionary presented them.

"These are the young people from Tennessee, about whom I spoke this morning, Chief Blythe," said Dr. Fitzgerald, turning to his guests. "This is Mr. Jarrett Blythe, chief of the Eastern Band of the Cherokees."

As they shook hands, Margaret said, "You are kind to give us your time, Mr. Blythe."

"I am glad to, Miss Williams. We appreciate those of our white friends who want to know the truth about our people. So often those who do not, prefer to believe silly stories that give false impressions about us. Also, many facts about one tribe get circulated that are utterly untrue of others."

"They do not realize," added his wife, "that there are still over two hundred tribes in the United States, speaking about nearly that many different dialects, with individual habits and traditions. Many tribes have opposing philosophies of life and have widely varying physical characteristics."

"That is news to me," Jerry was getting more and more interested. "I always thought of Indians being tall, having high cheekbones, wrapped in blankets, answering everything with 'ugh.'"

They laughed. "I guess that's what I thought, too, until I met Mrs. Hancock," Ann admitted, thinking of the

charming, smartly dressed Indian missionary they had learned to admire at Ridgecrest.

"We are ready to go whenever you are, Chief Blythe," suggested Joyce.

"Mrs. Fitzgerald and I regret that we cannot accompany you this afternoon. We had received word just before you arrived that one of our members in Wolftown is very sick, so we will go over there for a while." Dr. Fitzgerald seemed sorry to have these lively young guests leave without him.

"We are sorry about your friend's illness, Dr. Fitzgerald," Margaret said in her friendly manner, "but don't worry about us. You and Sally can go with us, can't you, Mary?"

"I'd love to," said Mary.

"I have promised to go up to the craft shop at the school to help the art teacher for a while," explained Sally.

"Perhaps by the time we reach the school she will have finished," suggested Mary, "and you can join us then."

### CHAPTER III

## MY GRANDMOTHER TOLD ME

Chief Blythe led the young people in to the front room of the council house, which was a craft shop. Standing quietly by the counter was an Indian of medium height, dark skin, dressed in clean, blue jeans. He held a dusty, black felt hat in his hand.

Chief Blythe introduced them and said to the eager group, "Moses Owl knows as much about our people as any man on the Reservation, I guess. He will tell you the truth, not a fancy tourist yarn."

In the next room, the council chamber, the chief invited them to be seated around the table which was on the raised platform at one end of the room.

"Moses, suppose you tell our visitors how you heard about our people."

Moses propped his hat on the floor against the back leg of his chair, straightened himself and leaned forward. He clasped his hands on the table and smiled. Then he looked solemnly at each one and spoke deliberately in a deep-throated voice, pausing at intervals for emphasis.

"Well, you see us Indians live a long time up in these mountains. My mother she and my grandmother both lived to be over one hundred years old. They and others of our old people told me about our people."

Then he continued in a serious thoughtful manner. "My grandmother, now, she was in the Removal. She told me about our people. She and my grandmother, they and Tsali were friends."

"Tsali? The Removal?" Ann exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"Well," Moses went on, "you see it was something over one hundred years ago. The army took most of our tribe out West. Perhaps you heard about the Trail of Tears?"

"The Trail of Tears?" Jerry had been looking out of the window until now.

"Well, that's what they called it, because that's what it was—a trail of weepin' people all the way from here out across the Big River.

"Our people used to own all this country. Before the white man came the Cherokees had all these mountains from Ka-na-wha River and the Ohio, down close to what is now Atlanta, and from the Tennessee River east to the foothills. We called us Yun-wi-yah-hi, or principal people, and we had lots of towns, around sixty-four. We had a capital, E-cho-ta on the Little Tennessee River where the head chief lived. We had a good government. Each town had a seat on the council. Our people lived well. These mountains were full with buffalo, deer, bear, turkey, and all likes of game, and these rivers had plenty of fish."

"That must have been lots of fun, just hunting all the time," interrupted Jerry.

"But we didn't hunt all the time," Moses explained hastily. "We Cherokees have always been farmers. Each family raised corn, beans, pumpkins, peas, melons, peaches, and lots of other things. Then like even today, strawberries, grapes, blackberries, chestnuts, hickory nuts, and all kinds of nuts you could get by just going outside your house a little ways. We had good houses, too; our folks didn't live in tepees like them western Indians. We always had log houses, built close by a stream or spring."

"Even today that is true," reminded Chief Blythe, "as you may note when you visit some of our homes. These mountains are full of springs and small streams so that seldom do you find a family that doesn't have running water, always cold and clear, right near their door!"

Mary Fitzgerald added, "It is true of our churches, too. All of the little Baptist churches on the Reservation have ever-flowing, convenient baptismal pools. Each service is accompanied by the musical ripple of waters."

"How lovely." Margaret, who although listening attentively, had been busy taking notes, in a little book she always carried in her bag.

Moses paused a full moment as he glanced out of the window toward Oo-ga-nah-tah, or Rattlesnake, as the white people had named the dense green mountain towering over the village, its summit wreathed with floating smoky veils. Then he went on, with a touch of pathos in his voice.

"My people loved these mountains—since time out of mind, we hunted and fished and roamed in 'em. When the white man first came he wanted just a little bit of our land. Our people knowed we had enough to share so we showed 'em how to grow corn and let 'em have what they needed. But we didn't know they'd keep coming, and keep wantin' more—but they did. They come up here in the mountains like ants to a sugar bowl, after our furs and our land. They whittled first the northern part, then the southern part, all the time offerin' our men bad whiskey and guns and our women folks shiny kettles and red dress cloth, which we took. After a while the old men tried to stop it."

"Why didn't they?" asked Jerry, now listening intently as Moses paused.

"There was too many white men, and our people didn't

always figger right what they wanted. There was lots of battles," he continued defiantly. "We didn't give up our country which we loved without fightin'. We got in bad with the Government at Washington, 'cause our people had made a treaty way back there that we would trade and fight jest with the British. After the Big War, we was on the losin' side and we lost a lot more of our land, 'cause we had helped those we had promised.

"After a while our people said, 'The only way to stop these white men from takin' all we got is to learn their language and their ways. Maybe we can figger how to beat 'em.' And in spite of all the old men said agin it, that is what we did. We had lost most all our towns in the War, and many of our people got killed."

Moses continued with a sad note in his slow-measured recital. "Our land after that was just a small patch compared to what it used to be, but we loved it and tried to make the best of what we had.

"About that time my grandmother was born. She told me what her old folks said about it. They said, 'We'll have a government like the white man.' So they did and the Washington Government okeyed it. Then they said, 'We need schools,' and they let the white folks come in and start schools so our children could learn to read. Then one of our people, Se-quo-yah, invented an alphabet, so our people could read in our own language. Then they said, 'We will take the white man's God,' and they let the missionaries come in and teach our people out of the Bible and soon our tribe was mostly Christian."

Joyce, who remembered reading some of this before, put in quietly, "Isn't it true that the Cherokee is the only tribe that has a written language?"

"Ours is the only tribe that has an alphabet of its



own. In recent years several other tribes have had their syllables reduced to writing," the chief explained.

Moses began again as he snatched successfully at a fly which had kept annoying him as he talked.

"Our people started usin' farm tools and plows and other things the white man made. My grandfather, Sa-lo-li, was a gunsmith. He made our guns and was a smart man. All the time the old people say it was bad to use white man's things. About that time they discovered gold on our land. All at once the white man wanted more of our land again."

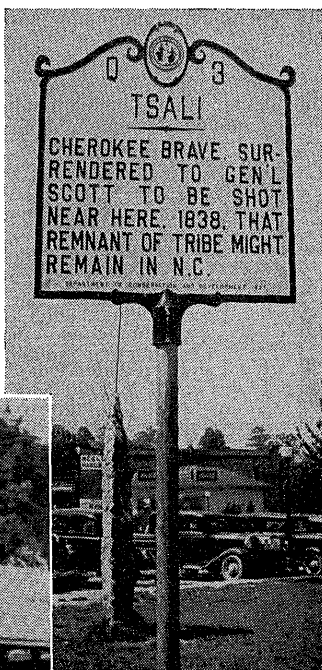
"There were other reasons, too," Chief Blythe reminded him. "You know the cotton gin was invented about this time and big plantations were needed. Still another thing—Georgia decided we were becoming too powerful and appealed to Andrew Jackson, who was now President, to have us moved out to the territory prepared for other eastern tribes who were in the white man's way."

"I remember now reading something about that," Margaret's memory began to serve her. "Didn't the Creeks go, too?"

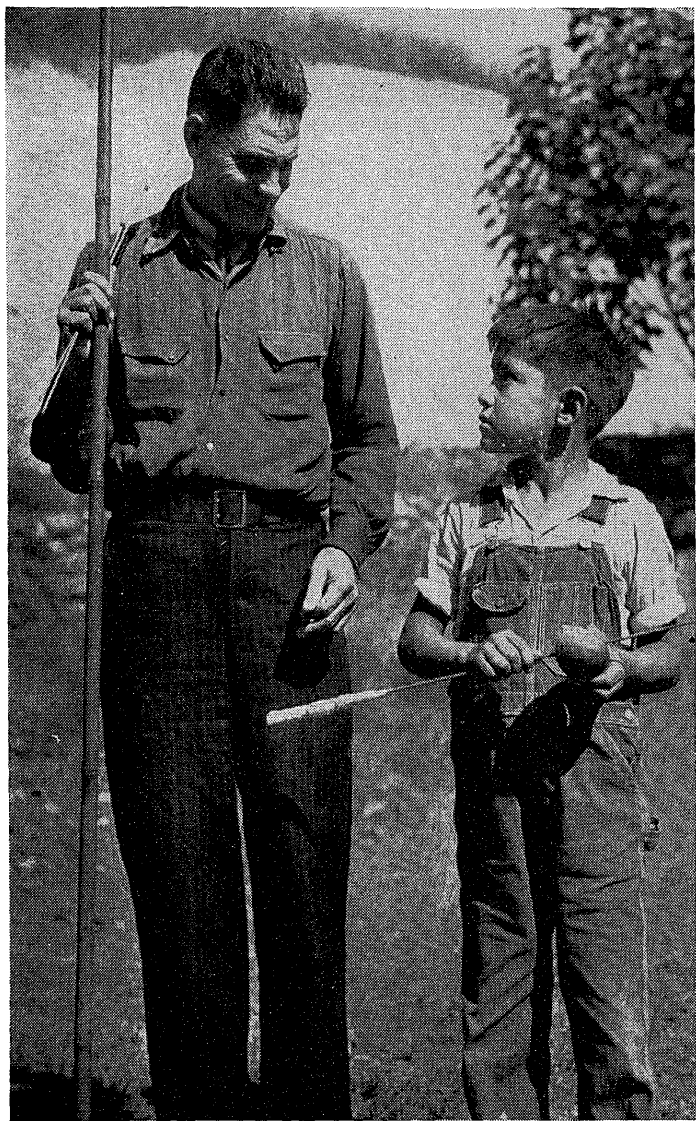
The chief replied, "Yes, there were also Seminoles, Chickasaws, and Choctaws, as well as the Creeks from the southeast. These, with the Cherokees, were afterward called the Five Civilized Tribes because they had so far advanced in the white man's ways before they were moved West. A number of northern tribes, Delawares, Shawnees, and others were also transferred about 1830 when the Removal Bill was passed."

Moses went on: "Some of these tribes figgered they might as well give up and go on, and some of our people moved out there, too. But most of our people said, 'No, this is our land. We will stay.' But a few of our people

Almost legendary in the annals of the Cherokees are the heroic deeds of Tsali, whose life is commemorated by the marker shown at the right.



**Rev. Ben Bushyhead, a cousin of Will Rogers and a grandnephew of the famous pioneer Baptist preacher, Rev. Jesse Bushyhead.**



**Chief Jarrett Blythe instructs a boy of the tribe in the use of a blow gun.**

decided to give up. They didn't have authority to do it but they told the officials that we would go for \$5,000,000. The rest of our people couldn't believe their ears when they heard it, and sent our leaders to Washington to plead our cause. It was no use. All Indians must go.

"Then the army came and herded all our people up in stockades. One was right up here a little ways by the Tuck-a-sei-gie River, near Bryson. If our people began to reason and tried to stay in their homes the soldiers pushed them out. They burned the houses, killed the hogs and cows and even destroyed the crops. Our printin' press was burned up. All our people could do was give up."

"That sounds like the stories we hear of the Nazis," Jerry blurted.

"All men become savages in war," was Chief Blythe's calm remark. "It is only that each side hears about the brutalities of the other. Just as you heard only about the scalping practiced by our people, so we hear about the cruelties inflicted upon our own."

"Not all these white soldiers liked their job." Moses wanted to be fair. "They were under orders of General Winfield Scott and he was sent by Washington. I got a paper here," he pulled it out of his pocket, "sent to me jes' lately, from a man over in Bluff City, Tennessee. His grandfather, John G. Burnett, was one of those soldiers. When the old man was in his eighties, in 1896, he wrote down in a message for his grandchildren his experiences during the Removal. He explained how he hated to do it. He told about the hardships and sad life of our people as they was marched across the country. In the beginnin' we had 21,000 men, women, and children, but he said one-fourth of them died on the way."

"What caused their death?" asked Jerry.

The chief replied, "Exposure, lack of medical attention, and from the tragic stories we have heard homesickness was a cause for many deaths. In one instance while crossing the Ohio an overloaded boat upturned and nearly four hundred were drowned."

"But they didn't get all these that lived." Moses straightened up and his eyes glinted triumphantly. "There was some of our people who hid out and never did get caught. Others ran away at night, or when the line got straggy. Like my folks. My grandfather, Sa-lo-li, was a captain or helper during the Removal. When they came to the Big River he was one to help load the boats to cross over. He watched for the family of Larch's, because their eighteen-year-old girl, Se-ghow-ee (Sally) was his sweetheart. Boat load after boat load, but these people he looked for did not show up. Like many others they had doubtless escaped sometime before and were on their way back home. When he got the last ones on the boat he give it a shove and dashed way back in the bushes. After four days he found the Larch's and joined them to come back to their beloved Smokies. He married Sally and they, with the other refugees, hid in the mountains in caves."

"What did they live on?" asked Margaret anxiously.

"For a long time they stayed hidden and ate wild foods, such as berries, nuts, roots of tiger lilies, wild turkey, peas, and things like that. They feared even the mountain people who had been peaceful neighbors. But gradually, after Tsa-li gave up, they became less afraid and crept nearer and nearer the settlements where we now live."

"You keep talking about Tsa-li?" Ann had wanted to ask this before but hated to interrupt.

"Tsa-li is our great hero. It was on his account that

the soldiers let us stay here. My grandparents told me how it happened.

"You see, it was this way," he was silent a moment, then carefully pronounced his words. "The first removal in 1838 included the Cherokees in Alabama and Georgia. In 1839 they came for us people and put us in stockades. The second night out our people came to White Oak, near Tennessee line. At night all lay down to sleep. Ani-weh-gi is a girl who has been noticin' how three soldiers keep insultin' helpless younger girls who are afraid to sleep. She slips down the line where Indian men are asleep until she sees Tsa-li lying so his tomahawk is easy to pull out of his belt. Then she slips back to three sleepin' white soldiers and kills each one of them with a blow with tomahawk. As she slips the tomahawk back in Tsa-li's belt he wakes up. He say, 'What have you done?' She says, 'Come and see!' He gets up and sees she has killed the soldiers. He said, 'What you goin' to do?' 'I don't know,' she said. Then he tells her to go on back and lie down and he will take the blame. He told some Indian friends to come see what he had done. 'If anyone wants to go with me I am goin' now.' Three friends about his age said they would go with him, even if it is to death.

"They slipped away in the darkness and later in night Ani-weh-gi and the two girls decided they would break loose alone. Next mornin' when the soldiers found out what had happened they tried to overtake them. But the girls sat down in the creek, with noses only out of water until the soldiers got by and they escaped. Next night about three hundred men, women, and children broke loose and ran into the dark mountains. Ani-weh-gi's parents and sisters were in the group. The family of Ani-weh-gi died while they were in hidin' but she lived

until seven year ago when she was over one hundred years old."

"What happened to Tsa-li?" Jerry reminded him.

"Tsa-li and his friends go high up in the mountains near their old home. He was afraid of everybody so he and his comrades hid in a cave. In meantime, Colonel William Thomas, a white trader who had been adopted as a boy by our Chief Yo-na-gun-ski, had become a main figure in the tribe. Sometime after General Scott got the rest of our people over in the West, he came back to get Tsa-li and the others, because he had said, 'Every Indian must go.' Colonel Thomas wrote letters to Washington and asked what could be done to give Eastern Cherokees a place to live. Washington wrote back, 'Nothin' doin' unless we get Tsa-li!'"

"But he didn't really do the killing," interrupted Ann.

"Nobody knew about Ani-weh-gi's doing it.

"General Scott said," continued Moses, "'On his hands is white man's blood. Tell him if he will surrender and pay penalty for the death of the soldiers I will get the Government to let the others live in the Smokies.'"

"Colonel Thomas called a meetin' of the people. He asked some one to volunteer to go tell Tsa-li. No one wanted to go. Finally all eyes went to Arneech,"

"Who was Arneech?" asked Joyce.

"He was the Cherokee Methodist preacher and he loved his people. After a while he agreed to go. When he finally found Tsa-li's mountain hide-out he told him why he had come. Tsa-li said, 'We know we are goin' to suffer. We will do it in order to save my people and our homes. I want to save my people. We will come down.' After they came down, Tsa-li said, 'I have one request. Before we die we want a big feast.' They had

been livin' so long on wild meat and such vegetables as they could find. So the women began to plan and then cook a big dinner. It was spread over where the school reservoir is now." Moses pointed toward the western window.

"All the Indians and their white neighbors were there. The officials from Washington were there. After the feast was over the business of the day began. In order to seal their pledge that the Cherokees could keep this country, the officials signed a treaty: 'This shall be your home as long as the grass grows on the banks of the Oco-no-luf-ty, and its waters flow.' To this Tsa-li and Arneech added their signatures.

"It was now time for the grim ordeal. The officers turned to the Indian leaders. 'Who will volunteer to take the guns?' No one spoke. One by one they turned to Arneech, their preacher. Again he knew he must act for his people. He set out with Tsa-li and his comrades, accompanied by officers. They traveled fourteen miles to the spot near White Oak where the three soldiers who were killed that fateful night had been buried. As they reached the spot, Tsa-li turned to Arneech and said, 'We are goin' to take our medicine like men. You won't have to blindfold us.' At the white soldier's command Arneech shot Tsa-li and two others. While he stopped to reload his gun, the other Indian calmly turned and walked away into the forest. No one of the white men or Arneech moved or tried to stop him. The bodies of the three brave men lyin' before 'em was enough to pay for the land we now have."

Moses paused, then added, "That is what my grandmother told me."

There was silence.



Then Mary, who had heard the story many times added softly, "But that is not the end. In the fall, when the harvest moon pours its bright rays over the misty peaks of the Smokies, men say they see the ghostly figure of an Indian striding through the leafy trails, or get a glimpse of one silhouetted against the sky as though gazing across the deep shadowed valleys. Just a glimpse and then Tsa-li is gone."

In the quiet pause that followed Ann whispered to Joyce, who sat next to her. "Do you suppose that could have been Tsa-li we saw standing against that tree on the side of the mountain this noon?"

"Hardly," replied Joyce in an undertone. "Not in those modern looking clothes."

Margaret broke the silence which followed. She turned to the chief. "So that is how you got this Reservation, Mr. Blythe?"

"Oh, no, Miss Williams, it wasn't that easy. There was much opposition by the white people to even a few Indians living here. Finally Colonel Thomas, acting as our agent, purchased in his own name with our money 63,000 acres, here along the Oconolufy. Our grandparents were forced to go back to primitive ways of living. For years they were outcasts in their own land, ignored by state and national governments. Not until after the Civil War did the Government allow the Cherokees to hold lands in their own name. Since then there has been much litigation, some good, some bad, so that our tribal business for a long time was mixed up."

"What happened to the Cherokees who went West?" asked Jerry.

"After a time the Western Band of Cherokees recovered from their losses and broken spirits. With true courage they established a homeland on the territory prescribed

for them. Their printing plant was again set up and Sequoyah, who had moved West before the Removal, revived their newspaper."

"Where do they live today?" Ann queried.

"Their Reservation is in the northeastern corner of Oklahoma on a strip eighty miles long by fifty miles wide, much of which is hilly land. As with our band, some Cherokees cut and market timber, but most of them are farmers. Although most of the children attend public schools with white children, the two Government schools on the Reservation furnish special training. Oil has been found on part of their land and a few of them are wealthy."

"Aren't the Cherokees one of the largest tribes in the United States?" asked Joyce.

"Yes, they are the largest of the Civilized Tribes and are second only to the Navajo tribe in numbers. The Western Cherokees have about 42,000 and our band over 3,600, making a total of over 45,000 living in the two states."

"Are the other Civilized Tribes as progressive as the Cherokees?" Ann inquired.

"Well," the chief hesitated rather modestly, "perhaps it is natural for me to say that our tribe is more progressive than others, but I believe you will find that that is the general opinion of students of Indian life. It is certainly true that Cherokees claim the honor of presenting to our nation many renowned leaders. Five Cherokees have been sent from Oklahoma to the Congress of the United States. Hundreds of other Cherokees have held high state and national offices such as Houston B. Tehee, treasurer of the United States under President Wilson. His picture is still on many old five dollar bills. Our

tribe has produced distinguished writers, dramatists, great athletes, and a great many well-known preachers and biblical scholars. Two Cherokees are now in the Hall of Fame, Sequoyah and the best-loved writer and humorist, Will Rogers."

"Was Will Rogers a Cherokee?" Jerry was surprised.

"Yes, he was descended from the famous Bushyhead family. Most of his folks moved west, but Ben Bushyhead, Will's cousin, who looks enough like him to be his brother, lives here."

Mary spoke up, "He is one of our Baptist preachers. You will see him at the church service."

"It's nearly time for our appointment with Mr. Blair," Joyce glanced at her watch, "but before we go, won't you tell us something about your duties, Chief Blythe?"

"All domestic matters are administered by the chief, assistant chief, and a tribal council of twelve. The chief and assistants are elected by ballot for four years. The councilmen, who are elected every two years, represent the six townships into which the Reservation is divided."

"Are they towns like Cherokee?" asked Ann.

"Oh, no, Cherokee is our only post office and trading center, and is in Yellow Hill, one of our townships."

Moses, who had been waiting, explained, "I live in Birdtown up toward Bryson."

"How often does your council meet?" asked Jerry.

"Our regular meeting once a year is in October, but special meetings may be called by the chief at any time. A business committee meets to handle any routine matters when necessary. We make our own local laws which, of course, do not run counter to any county, state, or Federal authority. All questions of land tenure, tribal

membership, leasing of timber rights, tribal funds, and aid to the needy are controlled by the council."

"Aid to the needy? Doesn't the Government take care of that?" asked Margaret in surprise.

"I should say not, though many people have the mistaken idea that all Indians get personal help from the Government. The Cherokees have never wanted any kind of subsidy nor have they received help other than medical service and educational opportunities much as white people get."

"We haven't even had any of our tribe on W.P.A.," Moses remarked proudly.

"Tell us about your plan for taking care of the needy," suggested Joyce.

"One of the duties of the council is to provide help for any family who, because of sickness or other misfortune, is unable to cultivate or harvest crops. A fund belonging to the tribe is available to all."

"They would be interested in our funeral customs, I think, Mr. Blythe," Mary reminded.

"Yes, the council assists bereaved families, combining the duties of undertaker, grave-diggers, and in former times, coffin makers, although today the council buys the coffin. It is their duty to clean up graveyards, straighten tombstones, and in other ways attend to the needs of the deceased."

"It is interesting to me," added Mary, "that all of our Cherokee cemeteries are on the very top of knolls or hills! A visitor once asked my father why this was so, and before he had time to reply my sister's four-year-old answered, 'Because the Cherokees want to get just as close to heaven as they can!' "

Everyone smiled and the conversation turned as Jerry

asked, "What else do the Cherokees do for a living besides farm and lumber?"

"I'm glad you didn't overlook the lumber industry. From pulp timber, saw wood and dye we get from \$150,00 to \$200,000 yearly. Then, as you have noticed, our home industries bring in a good bit of cash from the tourists. Nearly every family makes some form of handiwork for sale. About one hundred and fifty of our tribe are employed in a C.C.C. branch. And a large number work on the many miles of public roads through the Reservation."

Joyce again noticed the time. "I'm sorry to interrupt for I'm sure Chief Blythe and Mr. Owl, too, could continue for hours telling us much that we would like to know, but we really must go to the superintendent's office where we have our next appointment."

## CHAPTER IV

### ON AGENCY HILL

After the group had thanked their new friends for this interesting and informative hour, Mary guided them to Mr. Blair's office on Agency Hill.

Clyde M. Blair, a genial, heavy-set man in his fifties, welcomed Mary Fitzgerald and her guests and invited them into his office.

"Now just what would you young people like to know about the Indians?" he asked pleasantly, as he tilted back comfortably in his swivel chair.

"I have read recently that the Indian is no longer called the 'Vanishing American,' " Joyce stated, then asked, "Is it true that the population is increasing? If so, why?"

"It seems to me we should learn something about our Government-Indian relationships and try to discover what we as Christian citizens can do to help him derive the full benefits of democracy," was Margaret's thoughtful suggestion.

Jerry started to speak but the Indian superintendent called a halt. "Wait a minute, my friends, you've already cut off more than I can handle in this hour you say you have to stay here." He straightened his chair and spoke thoughtfully.

"I'll boil down my remarks, and give you such facts as will at least lead you to further study. I have been in the agency department for thirty-four years, but I'll admit I don't know all the answers to the many aspects of the Indian problem myself.

"To begin with, and this answers your question, Miss

Bailey, we need to realize the Indians now are not a vanishing race."

"Didn't many tribes get killed during our invasion and settlement of this country?" inquired Ann.

"Yes, and others died in appalling numbers from diseases and other misfortunes for which we were in full or partly responsible. It is estimated that when Columbus landed there were about 846,000 Indians in what is now the United States. By 1900 the population on the reservations was reported down to 270,000. But since the turn of the century the curve of Indian population has taken an upward swing. The 1940 census shows 361,716, according to the figures from the Office of Indian Affairs, with roughly 60,000 others living among the general population."

"How many of these are full-blooded?" asked Jerry, thinking of the number of pale Indians he had noted since he had arrived.

"Approximately one-half, and the rest are mixed with whites in varying degrees. Incidentally, as you go westward the percentage of full-bloods increases. For instance, in some of the southwestern tribes, like the Navajos, you seldom see an Indian of mixed blood."

He paused a moment and then proceeded. "It is important that you young people who live in the South should be informed about your Indian neighbors. Of all the Indians living in twenty-seven states, fully two-thirds live in the South and Southwest. As you probably know, Oklahoma has about 35 per cent of all our Indians."

"Aren't New Mexico and Arizona next in population?" Joyce asked.

"Yes, but there are communities in nearly every state in the South. On this map here," he turned to indicate

a large wall map, "see those red dots? They indicate settlements or reservations."

Ann, who was seated nearest the map, stood and looked at it more closely. "I wish you'd look! In addition to the three states you mentioned and North Carolina, and, of course, the Seminole Reservation in Florida, there are settlements in Virginia, South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas—goodness, I had no idea they were so scattered! What do the circles around some of the red dots mean?"

"The circles indicate independent communities, Miss Walker. They are largely of mixed bloods and are not under Federal supervision. Note, for instance, the Mississippi Choctaws, about 2,000 of whom are scattered throughout several counties, and a group of 5,000 or more mixed bloods in South Alabama. The Chickahomnies, Pamunkeys, and Mataponies live south of Richmond. A remnant of the Catawba tribe is in South Carolina. At Pembroke, North Carolina, in Robeson County, is a settlement of about 11,000 Indians of mixed blood, of Siouan extraction. So," Mr. Blair summarized, "since the Indian is not a dying race, any program for him must involve a long range vision.

"For a long time friends of the Indians and Indian leaders themselves have been working on their problems and many improvements have been made in Indian Service."

"The present administration has made an effort to improve the Indian's lot. It is striving to make the Indian economically self-supporting, which includes establishment of a program of conservation of their natural resources. This is especially important among such tribes as the Navajos in New Mexico and Arizona, where



erosion and drouth have destroyed the fertility of so much of their land.

"It also seeks to encourage the Indians to form their own tribal government and to negotiate with the Government through representatives of their own choosing, and to reinvigorate Indian art, craft, and other means of self-expression. The Government strives to maintain civil and religious liberties, and to recruit better-suited employees in the Indian Service."

"Are Indians employed to any extent by the Government?" Margaret interrupted.

"There are more Indian employees each year. The present policy is to draw heavily upon Indians for administrative, educational, medical, and other Reservation positions. For instance, in October, 1939, a total of nearly 4,500 Indians were employed in the Indian Service, more than 50 per cent of the entire number.

"Another aim of this program is to tie into every available state and Federal agency that might be concerned with the Indian, such as Department of Agriculture, and other divisions of the Department of the Interior."

Margaret had been doing some quiet thinking. "Have all these changes met with general approval, Mr. Blair?"

"No," was his response. "There has been and still is a lot of criticism from many sources, both Indian and white. Some of the opposition represents an honest difference of view. Some is due to misunderstanding and misinformation.

"There are many who sincerely believe that the Indian should be absorbed in the general population as early as possible, and his culture allowed to die," Mr. Blair concluded.

In response to their words of appreciation, Mr. Blair

said, "I know that in this short time I have touched only a few points of an old problem, but one which is pertinent to the preservation of our democracy today. It is not a simple problem, but one which challenges the serious interest and understanding of our whole people. Some one aptly said that there now is hope for the Indian, for the white man is beginning not only to aid him but to understand him. Given a chance to raise his standard of living and regain his pride, the Indian will not only enrich his own life but that of all America as well."

Leaving Mr. Blair's office Mary now guided her friends across the flat-topped hill on which were grouped the Agency buildings. As they turned toward Qualla Hall, the arts and crafts building, Mary called their attention to the quaint swinging bridge across the Oconolufy as it curved between thick-wooded banks at the foot of Agency Hill.

"Look!" Joyce almost shouted. "There's the man we saw. He's crossing the bridge now!"

They all caught sight of the back of a tall, brisk-walking Indian. He passed quickly over the swaying bridge onto a narrow footpath and disappeared into the crowded trees.

Mary listened to the story of his three appearances. "I'm sure I've never seen him before," she admitted. "That path is the short cut to Owl Cove. I wonder if he is visiting there?"

Just then their conversation was interrupted by Sally Archee who came to the door and welcomed them into Qualla Hall. She had been helping the art teacher classify and label the entries for the Cherokee Indian Fair which was held each fall. Now the teacher had left Sally to finish. It was a good time to make this visit.

"Almost like a preview of the Fair," Joyce said, as

they looked at the best selections of the pupils' work which were arranged for future display.

There were the beautifully done finger-woven luncheon sets and towels with squash blossom and "road to Soco" designs. The sturdy baskets made of honeysuckle vines and oak strips were both for ornament and use. The Cherokee cloth dolls attracted attention. Neatly dressed in wide gingham dresses, bandanas around their heads, even with babies tied to their backs, they were exact miniatures of the old Cherokee women. The visitors were delighted to learn that many of these were for sale. Jerry immediately bought a quiver, tightly woven in characteristic Cherokee design, made from black and white bamboo strips. The girls placed orders for several articles to be mailed to them later for Christmas gifts.

Since Sally had a few minutes to spare before meeting the teacher for other work to be done, she agreed to go with them on their tour of the school.

Just before they turned to enter the school building they met Brian. He was off duty at the Inn for the day.

"I was looking for you inside," he explained, "and saw Professor Gilliam. He suggested that I show you the manual arts shop before you go to his office in about fifteen minutes."

"I didn't recognize you at first without your war bonnet," Ann said smilingly.

As they went down the hill to the shop, Brian walked beside Sally, but neither of them gave any sign of being conscious of the other's presence.

"Sally's Brian's girl," whispered Mary to Joyce, as they led the group.

"Not really? How thrilling!" Joyce answered, and when she had a chance passed the news to the others.

Fortunately, Going-back Chiltoskie, the manual arts

instructor, was in the shop helping some boys at wood carving. Brian introduced the group to his handsome broad-shouldered teacher, and boasted, "Lot's of folks tell about Mr. Chiltoskie being a great sculptor, but we brag about his record as an archer."

"Say, William Tell would get some competition in this town," said Jerry as he drew from Mr. Chiltoskie modest admissions of his marksmanship.

Joyce noticed an almost pure white, gracefully carved deer about three inches high on a table across the room. As she ran over and picked it up she turned to the girls who had followed her and asked, "What kind of wood is this?"

"It is made of holly wood," Sally answered, and pointed to a miniature horse as light as ivory. "That is of apple wood. We also use cherry, maple, and many other varieties of wood for these little animals and other figurines."

"Are any of Mr. Chiltoskie's pieces here? I would like to see his work," said Ann.

"I believe he did the little holly wood deer," Sally said.

"You will see his magnificent bas-relief in wood over the entrance to the hospital when we go there," Mary informed them, and added, "Then tomorrow on your tour of the Reservation you probably will visit his and his brother's home and workshop up in Big Cove. There you will get to meet his older brother, Watty Chiltoskie."

"He is the real artist in our family," interrupted the younger brother who, with Jerry and Brian, joined them and overheard Mary's remark.

On the way to the principal's office the party unexpectedly divided. As they passed the machine shop Brian explained, "That's where the boys are taught the care

and repair of automobiles, trucks, tractors, and other farm machinery."

"Let's go over and look at the shop," suggested Jerry.

"We won't have time," Margaret warned. "Mr. Gilliam is waiting for us now."

Jerry was so anxious to see it though, that after a brief discussion he and Brian decided to stop at the machine shop while the girls talked to Mr. Gilliam.

"In exactly forty minutes we will meet you at the hospital," Joyce suggested.

"And don't keep us waiting," Margaret urged.

"Don't worry," Jerry promised, "I won't be late, for you know I wouldn't miss going through a hospital!"

Mary said as they were entering the school building, "You will like Professor Gilliam, I am sure. He is very co-operative with our missionary program and takes an interest in the religious life of the students."

"How long has he been here?" asked Joyce.

Sally Archee answered as Mary hesitated. "This is his fifth year."

"Before he came here he was principal of the Indian Government School at Albuquerque, New Mexico," Mary continued. "He has spoken very highly of the work done by Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Stumph and Miss Pauline Cammack, our missionaries among the students there. He praised the moral and spiritual influences of the Baptist boys and girls."

Mr. Gilliam's cordial reception made them feel like friends at once and soon they were hearing about the Cherokee Indian school system.

They learned that of the nearly five hundred students enrolled the past year about two hundred boarded at the central school. "This school has Indians from other tribes

east of the Mississippi including students from the Seminoles in Florida, the Choctaws in Mississippi, and some Chittimachis Indians from Louisiana," explained the principal. "The central school includes work from the nursery class through the twelfth grade; with special training for adults or for graduates who want certain studies. There are also four day schools conveniently located near the various settlements on the reservation.

"Although Cherokee girls frequently plan to teach, to enter nurse's training, and to continue their education in various fields beyond our school here, the fact remains that the large majority become homemakers even before they finish high school. For that reason we begin in the fifth grade teaching home and child care. Our nursery class not only affords an opportunity for the little ones and their own mothers, but gives our girls a chance to learn to bathe, feed, and care for in many ways, real babies."

Ann asked about the high school curriculum.

"In addition to the academic courses, our school offers training in such practical studies as agriculture, dairying, forestry, home economics, and the like. Much time," Mr. Gilliam told them, "is given to handwork, not only to develop skills, but to help the Indians express creatively their natural artistic talents."

Joyce inquired, "What about discipline problems?"

"We have very few," the principal smiled at Sally Arhee for approval. "As a rule, Indians are eager to learn and easy to teach once you understand them and they understand you. Here students participate in their own government. One thing you should realize, young people of both Indian and white races are very much alike. What will work with one race is apt to work with another. They have the same faculties, the same degrees

of intelligence. Children here as elsewhere respond to kindness, wise counsel, and intelligent leadership.

"At the same time, and this is true in any educational system, the key to the individual is the real problem. There is grave danger in generalities in dealing with any group. We try to deal with each pupil according to his special need, abilities and problems.

"Back of the whole training program," the wise educator concluded, "is the desire to prepare our young Americans to adjust themselves, and to learn enough skills so that they can live well either here or off the Reservation."

Jerry was waiting alone in the reception room of the hospital, reading a bulletin when the girls arrived a few minutes later.

"What! You here already?" Margaret was surprised. "I didn't expect it. Where's Brian?"

"It's on his account I am early." Jerry was serious. "We had hardly reached the machine shop when an orderly from the hospital rushed over with bad news. Brian's father had just had a severe hemorrhage and a neighbor came for the doctor. They happened to see Brian across the hill and knew he would want to ride home with the doctor."

"I'm so sorry," said Ann and each of the others expressed their sympathy.

"He seems to be having these bad spells more frequently," said Mary.

"Why didn't you join us at the school?" Margaret asked.

"I didn't want to interrupt, for I knew the time was

short, and besides, Dr. Johnson told me I might look over these Indian health bulletins while I'm waiting. One of the nurses is going to show us through the hospital."

Miss Miriam Carvel, one of the four staff nurses, took great pride in showing the visitors this modern, well equipped \$83,000 hospital. She gave them a chance to speak to several patients. There was an old lady who had recently undergone a kidney operation, and a young man who had been hurt in an automobile accident the past Saturday night. An Indian nurse was having difficulty keeping in bed one little fellow who had had his tonsils removed.

By now they had reached the maternity ward. Jerry asked as they entered, "Are most of the Cherokee babies born in the hospital?"

"Yes, and that is true in more and more of the tribes each year. Confidence in hospitalization has increased materially during the past few years."

"That helps explain the increased birth rate," thought Jerry.

Then the nurse smiled and said in a soft voice, "I've saved the best for you until the last." She paused at the glassed-in nursery and they peeped at the row of bassinets.

In the first crib was a tiny sleeping infant, wrapped in a white blanket. All that could be discerned was a mop of long black hair falling over a red, round face.

Miss Carvel touched her finger to her lips, and went into the nursery. She reached down and drew from the second bassinet not one, but two bundles and brought them out into the hall. Joyce and Ann squealed in spite of themselves, for there, wrapped in blankets of pink and blue, with perky bows to match on their long black hair were two identical Indian babies!



"Twins!" exclaimed Joyce. The little ones opened their big black eyes and blinked like little owls.

"What are their names?" Margaret asked excitedly, all of them, even Jerry, peering as close as they could.

"This is Miriam, named for me," Miss Carvel touched the blue-ribboned baby, "and this little lady with the pink bow is Elizabeth, named for another nurse."

"Where is the mother?" asked Joyce.

Miss Carvel's face saddened. "She died a week after these twins were born."

"How old are they?" asked Margaret.

"They are now six weeks old."

"What are you going to do with them?" Ann inquired.

"It hasn't been decided yet. The father drinks heavily and is in no position in any way to care for them himself, and although the grandmother wants to keep them she is not well and already has three grandchildren in her care."

Miss Carvel led them back to the doctor's office where they talked about health conditions among Indians today.

"What are the most common diseases here, Miss Carvel?" was Jerry's first inquiry.

The nurse hesitated. "Perhaps I should answer negatively. Several diseases are not prevalent here which are common among other tribes. For instance, trachoma, the dreadful eye disease, is very rare here."

"While I was waiting in the office," Jerry observed, "I read that tuberculosis is more prevalent among Indians than whites."

"Yes," agreed Miss Carvel. "The rate is three or four times higher among the Indians and it is known as the great Indian killer. This dread disease is one of the

most undesirable gifts from the white man, for reliable sources indicate there was no tuberculosis here in pre-Columbian days. It is not unusually high among this tribe, although there are several cases."

"We didn't see any in the hospital," said Ann.

"No, we keep them here for diagnosis mainly, for they can be cared for and are happier at home. Our visiting nurses keep in touch with them. Mr. Sauwood, about whom you know already, is by far the most serious case we have just now."

"What about venereal diseases?" asked Jerry.

"We do not have an abnormal number with the disease, although some tribes do. Tests here indicate a much lower percentage than for the population of the rest of North Carolina or for Indians as a whole."

"That is another white man's gift, isn't it?" Joyce asked.

"You are right," replied Miss Carvel, "to our shame. As for other rare diseases, we seldom find indication of goiter, heart disease or cancer! On the other hand, the common diseases are those which are, as a rule, found in other rural communities through the South. There is a high percentage of impetigo, diarrhea, roundworms, measles, pneumonia, and other respiratory diseases."

Miss Carvel explained how the schools worked in co-operation with the North Carolina State Health Department. "We have a public health nurse who not only visits the tubercular and other chronic cases, but she keeps in touch with mothers after they leave the hospital. She regularly holds clinics and works with the schools in health, sanitation, and child care projects."

Joyce said, "I noticed an old woman in the ward had especially bad teeth."

"Yes, she has pyorrhea badly. Although dental care is

furnished free and dental plates at cost it doesn't always follow that they brush their teeth three times a day, or see their dentist twice a year," laughed the nurse. "However, although ten per cent of the adults have pyorrhea, there is very little among the children, doubtless because they are examined regularly at school and any defects attended to immediately."

"This sounds like a pretty healthy community," was Jerry's verdict.

"It is, in comparison with some other tribes and also with many rural communities and crowded city areas throughout the United States."

"What are your greatest health problems?" asked Margaret.

"With the Cherokees it is largely a process of hygienic education," was Miss Carvel's opinion. "You must remember that for at least two full generations after the Removal there was little association in this tribe with what we would call civilization. Also, and this fact has had an effect in all tribes, although the Bureau of Indian Affairs was organized in 1824, there was no division of health in the service for one hundred years afterward—until 1924. Only within these past few years has there been any particular emphasis upon caring for the Indians' health."

"Does each Reservation have a hospital?" asked Ann.

"No, although the number has increased in the past decade. There are now seventy-eight general hospitals and twelve sanitariums in the Indian Service."

"Are there many Indian nurses?" asked Margaret. "I noticed that one of this staff is an Indian."

"Yes. As early as 1890 Indian women entered the field of professional nursing. At present about 15 per cent

of the total nursing force is Indian—part or full blood.”

“Someone told me that Indians pay no attention to clocks,” Joyce hated to bring up the subject, “but we have one more appointment and it is exactly time for it now.”

Mr. Scott, the farm agent, a tall lanky man with gray hair, was waiting for the little party across the athletic field at the hall where the Fair exhibits were displayed each year.

Enthusiastically he told of the progressive methods that have been adopted by the Cherokee farmers and described the splendid demonstration gardens planted and cultivated by the school children.

“As you’ve no doubt learned,” he told them, “the Cherokees raise about everything they need right here. The farms are small but well developed. The women can or preserve sufficient foods in summer for year around use, and practically everybody has something to display in the Fair.”

“Tell us about the Fair,” Ann pleaded.

“Yes,” urged Margaret, “we keep hearing about it.”

“Well, for about twenty-eight years now,” Mr. Scott began, “they’ve been having a Fair each October. Organized in 1914 it has grown from a handful of scattered exhibits in a single schoolroom to an institution that attracts over ten thousand people a day from as many as forty states from over the country.”

“Say!” ejaculated Jerry, “that’s a lot of people.”

“Yes, and you wouldn’t know this place. The whole tribe gathers here for a week. Over night this sleepy little village hums with life. The gate receipts run around \$65,000. The thousands of tourists jam the shops and tourist camps for miles around. It’s a big occasion for everybody.”

"What all do they display?" asked Margaret.

The farm agent said proudly: "This year we gave out 19,000 prizes for agricultural products, livestock, poultry, canned goods, flowers, arts, and crafts. In addition there are spinning contests, archery, blowgun, and singing contests. One of the most popular features of the Fair is the baby show."

"I wonder if the twins will be entered this year?" Joyce said. "They will be so cute by then."

"I see by the program they have Cherokee dances. Does that mean old-time Indian dances?" inquired Margaret.

"Yes, one of the special entertainment features of the Fair is the series of native dances in costume which are given twice each day. They are all handed down from the old ceremonials, but today the Cherokee dances for social and exhibition purposes and not with religious meaning as do so many western tribes."

"What about this Indian ball game?" asked Jerry, pointing to a picture in the Fair booklet showing a team of boys on the athletic field. "Brian Sauwood just started to tell me about it when he was called away a while ago. Is it like baseball or football?"

"Neither," was Mr. Scott's emphatic reply. "You will get a chance to see one of those Cherokee ball games Saturday afternoon. You haven't seen anything in the way of sports to beat that game."

"You mean tough?" suggested Jerry.

"I sure do," said the farm agent. "Why football is ping-pong compared to Cherokee ball."

"What is it like?" asked Margaret.

"Well, our folks have taken what we call lacrosse from it, but we just took the easy part. Someone said this game was the combination of all games. For instance, you play

on a big field with end goals like football, with an equal number of men on each side." He pointed to the large rectangular field at his right. "That's where they play. It's marked off like in basketball with a line through the center and the ball is tossed up on this line to start. But the ball is smaller, like a golf ball, only it is soft. You carry this ball in your hand, in your mouth or in a pair of rackets shaped something like a very small tennis racket. Each man guards an opponent to keep him from attacking the player who is trying to carry the ball through the goal posts, and sometimes there're half a dozen couples engaged in the prettiest wrestling matches you ever saw. The players wear trunks like our sport trunks, and to see their muscular brown bodies glistening in the sun as they twist and bend to guard their opponents is a sight. After that it is rough and tumble, slide, fall, race, for there are no other rules. It's no uncommon sight to see six men on one holding him down, all holds, scratches, or bites fair, except that they have to hold the racquet with both hands when they strike an opponent."

"How long does the game last?" asked Jerry excitedly. "Do they have periods or quarters?"

"No rest periods, no time-outs, no quarters, no substitutes—it's a fight to the finish," declared Mr. Scott.

"Gee, that is some game," exclaimed Jerry.

"How do they win?" Joyce queried.

"The first side that carries or throws the ball through the goal posts twelve times wins."

"Don't they get badly hurt?" Margaret was solicitous.

"All the time. Most every game some boy gets his breath knocked out and sometimes is unconscious a long time, but the game goes on."

"What if all on one side get knocked out?" asked Jerry.

"You said there were no substitutes."

"Oh, they even it up. If a man gets knocked out on one side one on the other side has to drop out too. They usually start out with eleven men and sometimes end up with one on each side."

"Let's be sure we put that game on the schedule, Joyce," Jerry urged. "I wouldn't miss it for anything."

"I'm not so sure I want to see it." Ann was thinking about so many boys getting hurt.

They had talked until sunset. Already the sky was splashed with red and gold above the wavy rim of the mountain horizon. Old Oo-ga-nah-tah Mountain, high and dark, threw its lengthening shadows over the village. They must hurry, for the Fitzgerald's would be expecting them soon after supper.

## CHAPTER V

### BAPTISTS AMONG THE CHEROKEES

The missionary family was still at the dinner table when the girls and Jerry arrived that evening. Although they had had an enjoyable dinner at the Inn they were persuaded to join the Fitzgerald's for dessert and tea.

So eager were these young people to hear more about this new world they had discovered that they pelted the missionaries with questions, as they sat, the dishes pushed aside, with elbows on the table. They were curious to learn more about the city Indian who to them had become a man of mystery. The Fitzgerald's still were unable to identify him for they had not thought to make inquiries.

The girls were anxious to learn more about Brian and Sally. They were interested in the story Moses Owl had related and asked many questions about the past and present life of the Cherokees. All evening they collected facts and formed opinions as they listened to the recital of Cherokee missionary history and discussed the problems that still confront Christian workers.

Margaret, who had been taking notes all day, inquired about the early missionaries. "How long have Baptists worked among the Cherokees?"

Dr. Fitzgerald tilted back his chair, and spoke thoughtfully. "There is not a simple answer to your question, Miss Williams. One of the amazing side lights of our country's history has been the apparent indifference of the white man toward the spiritual welfare of the red man. It has been evidenced both by records and results



that for nearly two hundred years after the settlement of Jamestown little was attempted to lead Southern Indians to a real knowledge of God as revealed in the Scriptures. It is known that Christian influences were felt in many tribes from early colonial days, yet no lasting impression is in evidence.

“Not until the turn of the century did the pagan condition of the Indians seem to stir the consciences of their Christian neighbors. About this time several mission boards, including Moravian, Congregationalists, Baptists and later Methodists, Presbyterians and Quakers, sent missionaries to the rapidly advancing Cherokees. In the annual report (1816) of the American Board of Missions for the Cherokees their aim was declared ‘to make the whole tribe English in their language, civilized in their habits, and Christian in their religion.’ It was an opportune time for this decision. Many of the Cherokees had by now decided that they wanted to become like the white man.”

“In order to beat the white man at his own game, is what Mr. Owl told us this afternoon,” Jerry remembered.

“True. After repeated battles with the whites who broke treaty after treaty, about 1800 the Cherokees were willing ‘to abandon the habits of revenge and take up the arts of civilization.’ Not all was easy, however. The older Indians still mistrusted the white man and tried to keep their people from listening to their words.”

Mrs. Fitzgerald broke in, “Tell them about Yo-nu-Gun-skee, Will.”

“Yes, Yo-nu-Gun-skee, one of their great chiefs who for a long time opposed the advances of the Christian leaders, was later given a copy of Matthew’s Gospel in his own language. He admitted it was a very good book.

'Strange,' he commented, 'that the white people are not better after having it so long.'

"Long before the Removal much Christian progress had been made. After the invention of their alphabet by Sequoyah it was possible to place the Scriptures in the hands of the people and with very little effort teach them to read."

Mrs. Fitzgerald, who had slipped out of the room, returned in a moment with a book in her hand.

Joyce's face lightened as she recognized *The Gospel Among the Red Men* by Robert Hamilton, a book she had read in a mission study class.

"This book," Mrs. Fitzgerald said, "is, I believe, the best source available for a comprehensive statement about Baptist beginnings in many southern tribes. It was written in 1930 so does not include recent events but does contain many important facts about our early history.

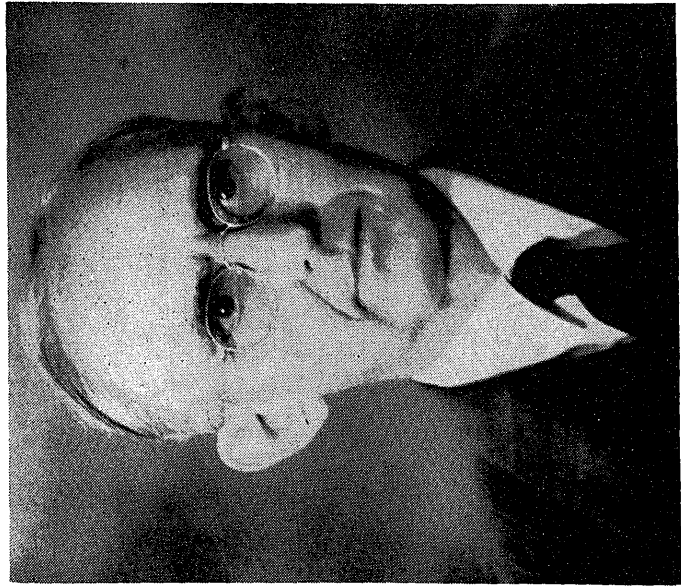
"You may read in it the interesting story of Rev. Humphrey Posey, the first authorized Baptist missionary to the Indians of the South. He began in his native state, North Carolina, in 1816 and later worked in Georgia also. Soon he was reinforced by 'four wagon loads of missionaries from Philadelphia.' This large band of workers cheered Brother Posey and strengthened the work immeasurably. By then thousands of Cherokees could read. Many hymns were translated and a version of the New Testament begun. Tracts and Scripture verses were distributed all over the Cherokee territory. Schools were built and everywhere there was a hunger for a more abundant life. Large numbers of Cherokees themselves became preachers. On pages 49-52 in this book you may read about the wonderful spread of the Gospel in this golden age of the Cherokee which continued on until about the year 1835."

Margaret recalled what Moses Owl had said that afternoon. "That was about the Removal period, was it not?"

Dr. Fitzgerald nodded, "Yes, the Indian Removal Act had been passed in 1830 and many tribes had already been moved west. Some Cherokees who believed they would be free there of the encroachment of the white man had also gone. But the majority could scarcely believe that such a solemn agreement of the United States Government would be broken."

Mrs. Fitzgerald took up the story. "You remember in your trip from Asheville this morning that you passed the Methodist Assembly grounds called Ju-na-luska. It was named for a Cherokee chief who was a powerful leader in this period. A few years previous he had led five hundred warriors to assist General Andrew Jackson who had been commissioned to subdue the rebellious Creeks and Seminoles. At Horse Shoe Bend, when a decisive battle was about to be lost, Ju-na-luska and his men not only saved the life of the general but they were credited with saving the battle which ended the Indian War. Jackson expressed his gratitude with this oath of everlasting friendship to Ju-na-luska, 'As long as the sun shines and the grass grows there shall be friendship between us, and the feet of the Cherokee shall be toward the East.'

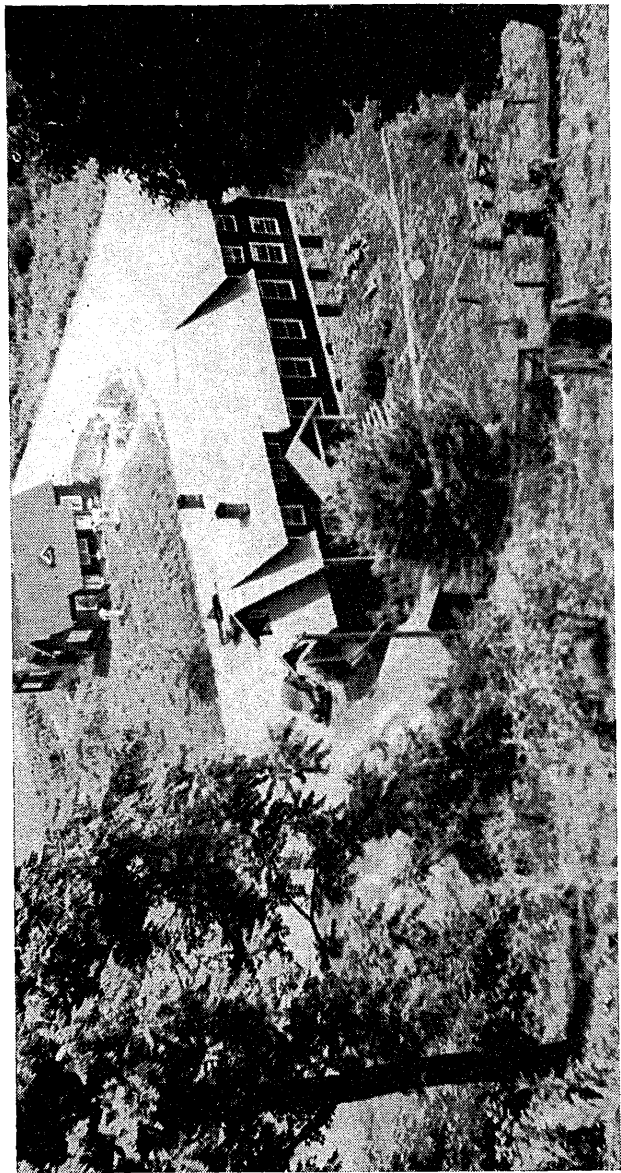
"Later when Andrew Jackson became president, Ju-na-luska pleaded with his old friend to remember his oath. Finally the truth was forced upon the old chief that President Jackson himself was advocating the Removal measure. When the soldiers came to drive them out of their homes, Ju-na-luska is said to have stood on the mountain, solitary, tragic, and disillusioned. 'If I had known he would break his oath I would have killed him that day at Horse Shoe,' he said mournfully."



**Dr. W. H. Fitzgerald**



**Mrs. W. H. Fitzgerald**



**In the foreground is the mission building at Cherokee. Beyond is the council house.**

Dr. Fitzgerald continued, "When agitation for Removal became persistent, fires of religion and learning cooled. Flames of hatred toward the President and the whites took its place. *The Phoenix*, the Cherokee newspaper which had once used its pages for translations of the Gospel and other Christian messages, now filled its columns with articles of protest against unfair practices of the whites.

"Retaliation by neighboring white men grew apace. Georgia passed a law refusing to permit an Indian to testify in his own behalf. Missionaries and other fair-minded friends who were loyal to the Cherokees were persecuted and even boldly arrested. Among those put in prison was John Howard Payne, composer of 'Home, Sweet Home,' who at that time was visiting in the home of Chief John Ross. His writings of that period, now in the Newberry Library in Chicago, form one of the best sources we have both of advancement of the Cherokees and an indictment against our treatment of them."

"It's a wonder that Christianity among the Cherokees could survive such a blow," Joyce commented thoughtfully.

"It was a severe test. But while it is true that there has never been since that tragic hour the same fervent desire for the Gospel as before, the power of the Holy Spirit has continued among them.

"Due to the dauntless loyalty of the missionaries of that period the door has remained open to us.

"Many missionaries, with their families, accompanied the Indians on the Trail of Tears. Native preachers marched with the companies. Among these was a Baptist missionary, Evan Jones, and a famous native preacher, Jessie Bushyhead."

"Did all the people walk?" Ann had wanted to ask Moses Owl about that in the afternoon.

"Yes, except the little ones, the aged, and the infirm for whom wagons were provided. It should be said to the credit of our Government that there was an effort to provide medical aid and other necessities. But there was much grief, sickness, and many deaths.

"Along the way the preachers and missionaries buried the dead and on the Lord's Day conducted services. Sometimes they camped for a few days and there were many conversions and baptisms as a result of these quickly arranged revivals."

Mrs. Fitzgerald suggested, "Let me read from Mr. Hamilton's book: 'In the companies attended by Mr. Jones and Bushyhead there were five hundred Baptists. At a place near Columbia, Tennessee, fifty-five were baptized in one day and the Lord's Supper observed in the churches that night.'

"Listen to this, 'When they reached Nashville, they remained over Sunday near the city. A party of the Christian Indians with the missionary attended services at one of the Baptist churches.'"

"Do you suppose that was the First Baptist Church?" Margaret wondered.

"Perhaps," and Mrs. Fitzgerald read on, "'They were treated with great kindness and sympathy. They were requested to sing, which they did. The plaintive hymns, sung in the rich, mellow, Cherokee language melted all hearts.'

"Later Mr. Hamilton wrote this, 'A woman now living in Knoxville (1926) states that she remembers their going through that city when she was a little child. An Indian man came to her father's door and begged him to take his dog and give it a home, as he could not take it with him, and disliked to leave it friendless.'"

"It is interesting," Dr. Fitzgerald pointed out, "to recall that one hundred years ago the entire membership of Cherokee churches moved west to the Indian Territory and rebuilt there. It was hard though to get started. By the time they got pretty well established the Civil War disrupted their work. After that, however, the churches took on new life and many members were added to their number."

"Are there many Baptist churches there now?" asked Margaret.

"Oh, yes, I noticed in a recent issue of *Southern Baptist Home Missions* that there are now forty-two Southern Baptist churches among the Western Cherokees. Many of them are country churches like ours here where the members have to walk long distances. They are made up of full and mixed blood Indians with native pastors who conduct their services in their own tongue. The Indians, like others of their race who are Christian, have a strong faith and are deeply concerned for lost souls."

"Do we have missionaries among them, too?" inquired Ann.

"Yes, Mr. and Mrs. Roe Beard are white missionaries who occupy a similar position to ours here. The Home Mission Board also supplements the salaries of a number of Cherokee preachers such as Jim Pickup, David Glory and others.

"As it is here, however, most of their work is self-supporting. All Indians believe it wrong to go in debt, so although they may not have such fine church buildings all they have are paid for. Indians take literally the scriptural injunction, 'Owe not any man.'"

"You speak of other Indian churches, Dr. Fitzgerald. This afternoon Mr. Blair called to our attention the fact that there are either Reservations or communities of



Indians in nearly every Southern state. How extensive is our work among them?" inquired Margaret.

"For accurate figures and also for the names of the missionaries, Miss Williams, I refer you to the latest report from the Home Mission Board, Atlanta, Georgia, which, incidentally is free upon request. However, I'll give you a brief summary.

"Southern Baptists have strong organized work among several Indian tribes in Oklahoma and in other states. More than seventy missionaries and workers, the majority Indians themselves, reach individuals in nearly all of the tribes in our territory, although there are still some tribes and thousands of Indians who never hear the Gospel.

"In Oklahoma there are now seven Indian Baptist associations and a total of more than 125 Baptist churches with a membership of about 20,000.

"The majority of these churches are among the Civilized Tribes, which in addition to the Cherokees comprise the Creeks, Seminoles, Choctaws and Chickasaws. Although there have been interruptions and neglected areas, Baptist missionaries have ministered to these tribes since before the Removal, and they all have developed a strong native ministry. Stories similar to the ones we've told you about the Cherokees could be repeated about these other four tribes which first lived east of the Mississippi.

"Other Oklahoma tribes, the Blanket or Plains Indians who were moved from Nebraska and other western states, have been exposed to the white man's ways of living a much shorter period of time. We have sent missionaries to them less than fifty years. Already, however, some of our most successful work is among these tribes. Strong churches, fully co-operative with the denominational program, thrive among the Osages, Pawnees, Sac and Fox, and other tribes. There are Baptist beginnings among

some of the smaller settlements from once large tribes, the Otoes, Poncas, Kaws, and others. Especially valuable also is the influence of our missionaries in the Government Boarding School at Chillocco, Oklahoma, and in other government institutions."

"What about in New Mexico?" Margaret asked.

"In New Mexico, Southern Baptists have, I believe, about seven workers. Although we have sent missionaries among these Pueblo Indians only about twelve years, there are now several centers of work. The strongest mission in the state is at the large pueblo, Isleta, although our best opportunities probably are in the Government boarding schools at Santa Fe and Albuquerque. Here Indian boys and girls from not only many parts of the United States but Alaska, and even Central America are in school.

"Baptist work is growing rapidly in Arizona among the Pima Indians, and in the last two or three years among their neighbors the large Papago Tribe.

"As for other mission stations in the South, Baptists have workers among most of the small groups living in the Southeast. There are missionaries among the French Indians who live in the bayous of Louisiana; among the farmer Indians of southern Alabama; among the Mississippi Choctaws and, as you know, among Sally's people, the Seminoles in the Everglades of Florida. In several other communities state missionaries are at work. As you've discovered, there is a strong Baptist influence here among the Cherokees who stayed behind in this beloved mountain home."

"What about the North Carolina Indians?" Jerry's interest in the Cherokees had grown with each new aspect of their history. "Didn't any missionaries stay with them?"

"Not right after the Removal. The Eastern Cherokees

were too scattered and afraid to congregate even in small groups. But these Indians had strong leaders of their own."

"Mr. Owl mentioned a Methodist preacher in connection with Tsali's surrender," Joyce remembered.

"Yes, there were several dynamic preachers in those days who in spite of their hardships and handicaps won many souls and in a few years were instrumental in establishing several Baptist churches, some still in existence."

"But when did Baptist missionaries take up work here regularly?" Margaret inquired.

Dr. Fitzgerald hesitated a moment, "Mary," he turned to his daughter, "please hand me that file of old clippings from my desk." Then he addressed his guests, "About 1840 a young white Baptist preacher, Alfred Corn, began preaching among the Cherokees. For many years, until just before the Civil War when he was given some funds, he worked without salary or appointment from any board. Gradually rewinning their confidence and faith, he was able to organize two churches, both of which have had a great and honorable history.

"His work was discontinued during the Civil War when he was formally appointed by the Southern Baptist Home Mission Board and paid \$100 a year for his great service.

"In one of his annual reports, he spoke of the response among the Indians. Here it is." The missionary fingered through the file of letters and clippings which Mary had handed him. "This report is in an article quoted by Mrs. R. L. Creel in the *Asheville Citizen*, December 31, 1933. He wrote, 'I never had a careless audience among them (Cherokees) or a cold, ineffectual meeting. Strange to tell, any congregation which I address is always made up in part of persons who have traveled fifty or sixty miles on foot.' He reports in one year seventy-five ser-

mons, four hundred sixty-four addresses, 2,500 miles traveled, four hundred visits, and fifteen baptisms. Remember this was before the time of automobiles or even of roads, there were just hog trails and deer paths, yet he had church memberships of 233.

“One point I should add. After the Civil War the Cherokees were more destitute than ever, and for a period of years the carpetbaggers fleeced them out of more of their possessions. They were without schools, stock, or tools. But native preachers and visiting whites continued to preach and teach God’s word, and the little churches struggled along.

“In 1881 these little bands of faithful Christians came together and formed the Cherokee Baptist Association. It was near that time that the Quakers established the school here which in about ten years was taken over by the Government. For sixty years now churches and schools have supplemented and strengthened each other.

“Although for a short time Rev. Sam Owen was supported by the North Carolina Mission Board, it was not until 1917 when Rev. and Mrs. J. N. Lee were appointed by the Home Mission Board that Southern Baptists officially furnished missionaries to the Eastern Band of Cherokees. Which is a long and circuitous answer to your question, Miss Williams about Baptist work among the Cherokees.”

## CHAPTER VI

### HOME MISSIONS AT CHEROKEE

Margaret thanked the missionary for all the information, "But that's not all I want to know. Another question, was Mr. Lee your predecessor?"

"No, Rev. and Mrs. W. F. Sinclair were here for a brief interval between the Lee's and our term of service which began in 1935. During the Lee's ministry they accomplished much. Through their influence the Home Board secured this lot by lease from the Indians. With an appropriation from the Board, they erected the mission house, including the auditorium with seating capacity of two hundred and living quarters for the missionaries. The Indians and their friends furnished the seats and painted the mission outside and in."

"Tell us something about the other churches," suggested Ann. "How many are there and do they have full-time pastors?"

"Altogether there are now twelve small churches which work in the Cherokee Baptist Association, and three others are affiliated with nearer by white associations. They all have full time pastors and each church has a Sunday School. The mission here is the only one with a Training Union, although several of the other churches have missionary societies. All of them are co-operative and give to the denominational program. Although there is very little cash here compared with outside incomes, last year the average gift for the denomination was more than one dollar each."

"How many members are there?" asked Jerry.

"There were 857 reported in the Associational Minutes last October, but there have been at least sixty additions within the last six months. Several of our churches have had revivals, and there has been a marked evidence of renewed interest in spiritual affairs."

"There're a lot of things I'd like to know," Margaret admitted earnestly. "How do you work with all of these churches? Do they respond to your ideas? Do you supervise their work?"

Dr. Fitzgerald smiled. "We do help supervise, not direct, all of their work. We do not try to impose our way over their's. The old Cherokees are very conservative and make changes slowly. We mix Cherokee and English in some services and honor the old preachers who look upon Saturday and Sunday preaching once a month as the chief religious service. Our method is to develop their confidence in us and to respond when they come to us for counsel, or advice. The young people catch step with new ways of doing things and are willing to use progressive methods."

"Although Will does not intrude upon the Cherokee preacher, or their churches, they call upon him freely and often invite him to conduct marriages, funerals, and other special services," his wife added.

"One of our ways of helping is to offer the use of our library and to put into their hands appropriate books such as the texts used in the various training courses."

"Do you face any prejudices or evidence of antagonism to Christianity at all, Dr. Fitzgerald?" Joyce was thinking of the difficulties of other missionaries about which she had heard.

"Oh yes, Miss Bailey," he asserted hastily. "The devil works full time here. However, we do not have the kind

of opposition that is found among the tribes of the southwest where the old pagan religions and Catholicism also are so strong. Here the demons are more subtle. We fight constantly against self-satisfaction, indifference, laziness, procrastination, and inconsistency, all such enemies as are found in any city or rural church anywhere. The Cherokees are not on fire for their faith. Like our own people they take for granted the blessings it brings.

"As for their prejudice against our race—they are a most lovable and forgiving people. It is true they have not forgotten the injustices of the past and are quick to recognize any real or fancied wrongs of the present. As I suggested about the other Civilized Tribes, Christianity is more indigenous to the Cherokee than to some of our more recent mission fields. Their greatest need here is for help in developing educated leaders among their own people and for progressive methods in teaching and training their young people."

"By the way," interrupted Ann, "do other denominations have missionary work here?"

"Yes," replied Dr. Fitzgerald. "There are two Methodist churches on the Reservation. For many years they have not had a missionary on the field but recently the Conference has appointed a young Choctaw Indian from Oklahoma to lead their work here. Then provision is made each week to drive the French Indians at the school and one of the faculty members who are Catholics to Bryson City for mass. There are regular services at school for Indians who prefer the Episcopal Church. The great majority of the Cherokees, however, are Baptist."

"There's one question I'd like to ask." Jerry had been quiet but very interested in this recital. "Do you have any trouble here with some of the grosser sins, immorality, drunkenness, and the like? Somehow I've gotten the

impression that the Cherokees are a pretty sober lot. Where's the jail?"

"These Indians are certainly no worse than the average white community, and in many ways we believe they are better. There is one thing, however, that white people ought to realize, especially those who work with other races in religious, social, or educational positions. If you destroy the customs, or mores, or creed, or tradition of any people before firmly supplanting it with a higher, more rational form, conflicts and disastrous results will follow. It is fatal to impose customs which have grown out of our past according to our needs upon a people until they understand our attitudes toward them and reasons for them."

Margaret looked puzzled. "Just what do you mean?"

"Although their culture has been interwoven with ours over a longer period and for more than one hundred years they have been exposed to Christianity, they still hold on to many old customs and beliefs. As you have noticed, many of these Indians are really white. This tribe has intermarried with our race more than any other large tribe in the United States. Remember, no law or precept is as strong as custom or tradition, and good or bad customs die hard with every tribe or nation. The transition from one culture to another is far from complete even here, and there is still confusion over our inconsistencies."

"Our inconsistencies?" repeated Margaret.

"Yes, for instance, the manner of dress among the tourists who are members of churches. Then, the unchristian-like deportment of visitors here on Sunday, who make of the day a commercial holiday, suggests little interest or appreciation for spiritual matters. These and other attitudes of white visitors have been a serious handicap to our work here."



He turned to Jerry. "I haven't forgotten your second question. As for a jail, there isn't one."

"You mean you don't need one?"

"Seldom. When there is a fracas or minor misdemeanor the Indians handle it themselves. For a real infraction of the law, which incidentally, is nearly always the result of liquor, county officers handle the case and the trial is held in whichever county the act was committed."

"I thought there was a Federal law against selling whiskey to Indians." It was Joyce who spoke.

"There is, and its use is forbidden on the Reservation. But since the repeal of prohibition it has flown all too freely. Unscrupulous bootleggers bring it in from every direction and much grief has resulted on its account, for Indians are proverbially susceptible to alcoholism. Through the years the red man has lost most of what he had because he first lost his head in drink."

Mrs. Fitzgerald interposed with this startling statement. "To the credit of the Cherokees it should be known that the first temperance society in the United States was in this tribe."

"Yes," her husband continued, "Yo-na-gun-ski, their famous chief whom we mentioned, was a great reformer before the Removal. He had been himself an occasional victim of firewater. Realizing it was bad medicine, he determined to prohibit it from his tribe.

"From a strange and mysterious stupor which his people at first mistook for death, he suddenly awoke with an inspired message from the Great Spirit.

"'I have served you forty years,' he proclaimed with feeling, 'and the only thing I expect is your obedience.' With profound earnestness he bemoaned his own and his people's mistake. English rum and French brandy had flowed freely during the one hundred fifty years in which

their lands had gradually diminished and their numbers reduced.

"The Cherokees concluded his exhortation with a pact to do away with this menace. I have it in this file somewhere." Dr. Fitzgerald thumbed the clippings and other memoranda in his folders until he found this story. "Here it is: 'We, the undersigned Cherokees, belonging to the town of Qualla, agree to abandon the use of spirituous liquors.' The chief's name led, and all the others of the town signed."

"Did they keep their pledge?" Jerry was skeptical.

"For many years they did. Later when some yielded to the insistence of the whites, Yo-na-gun-ski established the whipping post and enforced his pledge with the power of a war lord. Although this generation has forgotten this precept of their fathers, drinking is not as widespread here as in many communities. It is definitely frowned upon by the elders."

"We have seen some remarkable changes in the lives of some who were heavy drinkers before they became Christians," Mrs. Fitzgerald affirmed.

"I know it is late." Joyce, who had assumed the job of official timekeeper, noticed that it was nearly eleven; "but could you tell just a little about some of them?"

Everyone begged for a least one story, so Mrs. Fitzgerald agreed.

It was a simple story illustrating the power of the Holy Spirit among the Cherokees.

Ammon Owl, an old man, had drunk heavily all his life and steadfastly refused for years to go to church. Suddenly he responded one spring to the missionaries' courteous but repeated invitation to attend revival services at the church.

He was deeply touched by the words of the evangelist

and before the week was over made the momentous decision that completely changed his life and influence. The story closed with an incident which proved the faithfulness of the old man and his determination to witness in the face of temptation.

On the way back to the Inn a little later the girls and Jerry were discussing this story.

"When you think of it, that story isn't so different from experiences we've had in our own church at home," said Joyce.

"I was a little disappointed," admitted Ann. "I expected a more spectacular or miraculous thing to happen."

"Sounds like a miracle to me, for that old duffer to change so suddenly," argued Jerry.

"The point is," Margaret explained as they paused in the lobby of the Inn before going to their rooms upstairs, "missionaries are actually doing the same work on mission fields that our pastors and other missionary-minded Christians do at home except it seems to me more sacrificially. In other words, being a missionary is going out among the people, seeking those who are lost, bringing them into the influence and services of the church, and teaching them what it means to be a Christian."

"And ministering to their needs, whatever they are," added Ann.

"Also living consistently what you preach all the time, don't forget that," warned Joyce.

"There's more to this trip than meets the eye," was Jerry's good night remark.

## CHAPTER VII

### IN THE COVES AND VALLEYS

Margaret flung open the front screen door of the Craft Shop.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" She flushed with embarrassment as she realized the door slammed against the wall and barely missed a tall, good-looking Indian dressed in smart sport clothes, standing on the Inn porch.

He bowed and said pleasantly as he stepped aside, "Never mind. The spring seems to be broken. It didn't touch me."

Then catching a signal from a man in a car across the street, he ran down the steps, climbed in and rode away.

For a moment Margaret forgot she was in a hurry, as she watched the car speed across the bridge on beyond the mission toward Bryson City, and out of sight.

"So, the mystery man has left town!" she murmured to herself as she ran out to look along the street for the other girls. After breakfast they had gone ahead to look in some other shops, while Margaret waited to purchase an Indian-made turquoise ring which she knew would please her mother.

"Too bad he's gone," laughed Joyce, as Margaret told of her experience with the man who always disappeared so suddenly, "but at least we know now he isn't Tsali's spirit."

"I'll say he isn't," Margaret agreed lightly, "although if he'd been an inch nearer that door he might have become a spirit."

"Sounds like you're bragging now," teased Ann as they climbed into the car parked in front of the Inn.

Margaret signaled Brian and Jerry with the horn. They had spent the past hour in blowgun and archery practice. Jerry was proud of the record he had made in his first effort with the blowgun. He had learned quickly the peculiar twist of the lips which sent the slender, thistle-headed dart speeding from the long, hollowed reed toward the target.

"Guess I'll have to buy one of those, too," he commented as he and Brian joined the girls, and started off with Brian as guide on a tour of the Reservation.

"They're not so easy to buy," Robert told him. "Blowgun making is almost a lost art around here, although one very old man still makes a few, and we may be able to get one for you."

"How is your father this morning, Brian?" asked Margaret in her thoughtful manner.

"He was better when I left, though he is very weak."

"Is your mother alone with him?" asked Ann.

"No, one of our neighbors is going to stay with us a few days until he is better."

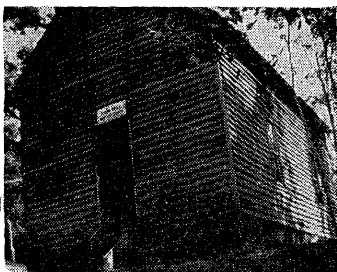
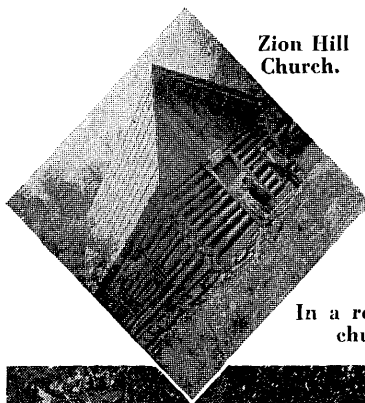
"We invited Mary Fitzgerald and Sally Archee to come with us today, but they are too busy getting ready for the Vacation Bible School next week," remarked Joyce.

If she expected Brian to make some response to her reference to Sally, she was disappointed, for he did not seem to hear and began calling their attention to places of interest along the winding road to Big Cove.

Their first visit was to the home of Rev. Will Welch, a Baptist preacher. His wife, a famous potter, explained the unusual baking process which years before the Cherokees had learned from their Catawba neighbors.

"You mold this soft gray clay in the size vase or jar

**Zion Hill  
Church.**



**In a remote cove is this log cabin  
church built by the Indians.**



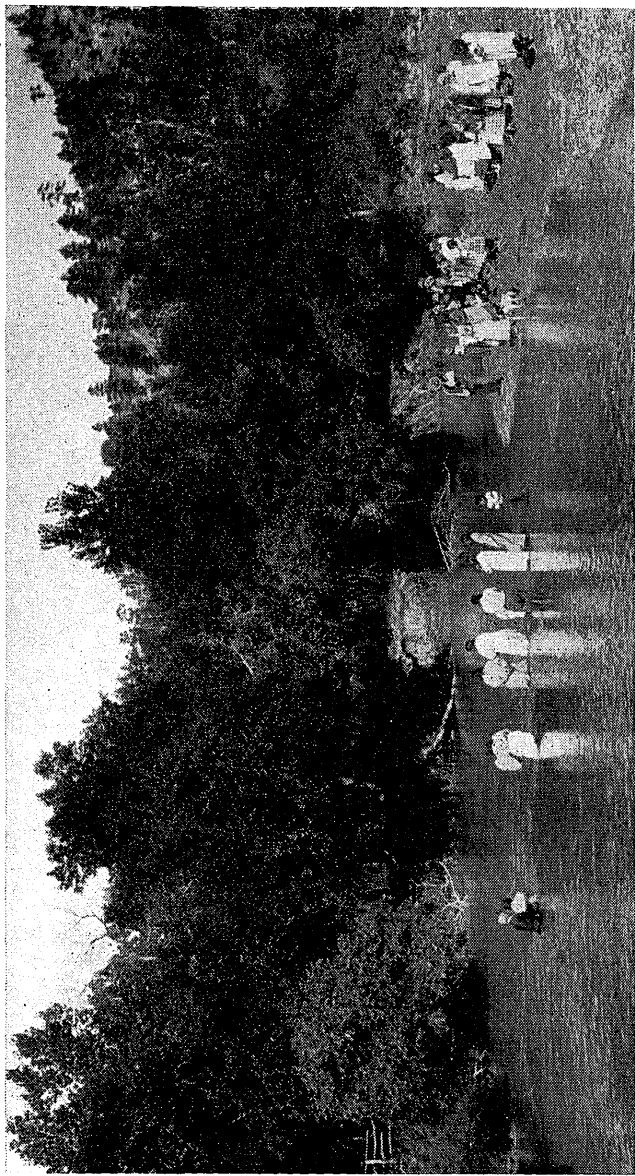
**Dr. Fitzgerald, center, and a group of  
Cherokee Indians dedicating the Lord's  
Acre.**



**Macedonia  
Church**



**Rock Springs Cherokee Church.**



A baptismal scene at Cherokee.

you want, shaping it with wet fingers. Then you bake it a long time in a slow fire with corn cobs placed around it with great care. Where the burnt cobs touch the vessel they make black designs on the light part and form these pretty patterns."

At the Little John's skilful basket weavers, they watched Mr. Little John weave what was called a fish basket. It was made of white oak splints interwoven with red, and was strong and sturdy. Baskets in various stages of development were all over the house. Mrs. Little John was weaving the handle down through the sides of a nearly completed basket. Her aged mother was finishing a cover to a bowl-shaped basket made of honeysuckle twines. One of the boys sat on the front steps splitting some canes into four equal parts, then his brother took the strips and scraped them until they were very thin. In the background the daughters of the family were dying the cane splinters.

"The yellow dye comes from the black oak, the red dye from bloodroot. Other dyes are obtained from the roots of walnut and butternut trees," explained Brian.

Far up Wright's Creek, Brian conducted them to the Chiltoskie home and workshop built high on a grass-carpeted knoll, surrounded by enfolding hills. Watty Chiltoskie, the elder of the talented brothers, was the only one at home. He let the visitors watch him apply the finishing touches to a delicately wrought Indian head plaque. It had been ordered by a member of Congress who recently had visited the Reservation. Mr. Chiltoskie showed them a box of massive, unusual bookends, carved in the shape of mule heads, which were ready for shipment to a gift shop in Chicago.

They next visited Will West Long. He lived in a tiny cabin about five miles from the village, high on the



mountains overlooking Big Cove. Brian insisted that they make this steep climp up the mile-long trail from the gate where they left the car to the venerable old Cherokee's home.

"There are many things about the Cherokees you will understand much better after he has talked to you," Brian told them.

Mr. Long, young for his nearly eighty years, was accustomed to white visitors. He had been the host and informant to eminent historians, etymologists, anthropologists, and other scientists for more than sixty years.

"My friends want to know about our old people," suggested Brian. They gathered about the old man on the low porch of his log cabin.

After some hesitation, Mr. Long dipped into the dim past of his people and told some of the ancient legends and myths of the race.

They liked the story of the terrapin and the rabbit.

"Long time ago," began the story-teller in his slow, deliberate manner, "the animals were a heap bigger than they are now and talked like men. One time Rabbit bragged about bein' the fastes' runner. Nobody disputed him for a long time. Then one day Terrapin got tired of hearin' such boasts.

"He said, 'I'll run you a race.'

"Rabbit laughed out loud 'cause he knew Terrapin with his short fat legs couldn't beat him runnin'. He took up the challenge in quick time though, and set the date.

"'I'll name the place,' said Terrapin, and Rabbit agreed.

"The day came. Rabbit met Terrapin accordin' to plan. The race was to start on a high hill and go down and uphill, down and up, and so on over three hills and stop on top of the fourth one.

"Rabbit was in high spirits, but he didn't let on. This was goin' to be a big joke, for he could leap over those hills while Terrapin was crawlin' down the first one.

"At the signal 'Go,' Rabbit started. Not fas', 'cause there wasn't no need in gettin' outer breath. To his surprise when he got to the top of the first hill he saw Terrapin sittin' there already waitin' for him to catch up.

"'Hurry up, Rabbit,' he hollered. 'You're awful slow this mornin'.'

"Rabbit couldn't believe his eyes, but he started out a little faster this time. However, when he got to the second hill there sat Terrapin not even puffin'.

"'Can't you get your win', Rabbit?' grinned Terrapin.

"Rabbit picked up speed on the next hill, hippety-hop right on up to the top.

"'I've beat Terrapin this time,' he figgered, but sure enough, there he sat, cool and calm like a small water-melon.

"'There was jes' one more hill. Rabbit was gettin' tired, but his reputation was pinned to beatin' Terrapin and he was bound to make it. Off he went, lickety-split down the hill and up to the top.

"'Here's where I beat you, old man Terrapin,' he gasped between breaths as he gave a big jump and landed right on the goal line.

"'Are you sure about that?' came the voice of Terrapin. There he sat waitin' for Rabbit on the other side of the line.

"Rabbit felt pretty 'shamed after that and you never heard him braggin' about bein' the fastes' runner. He never did find out, for the animals never did tell him that Terrapin won by setting his brothers on top of each of those hills, while he stayed right where they started.

Not a single one of them terrapins ever did run a single step. That's what our old men told me."

"That sounds very similar to the Uncle Remus story," commented Joyce.

"It came first from the Indians," Mr. Long insisted, "then through the early settlers to the Negroes. They changed it to suit themselves."

But to the girls the most interesting tale was the story of the Nun-e-hi, the invisible little people who were everywhere. They were not imps or elves, yet they sometimes did impish things.

"The main thing," warned Mr. Long in a confidential tone, "is not to be afraid of them."

"Afraid? Why should you be afraid?" asked Ann.

"Well, it's this way. Sometimes you might be going somewhere, like to church. The little people will say, 'Don't go, you better stay at home today,' and before you realize it, you do what they say. Or maybe you are doin' somethin' you ought not to do. The Nu-ne-hi say, 'Do it anyway!' Sometimes though they tell you right." The old man smiled and added, "It's hard to know when they are for you or against you."

"It sounds to me as if the Nu-ne-hi might be the Indian's interpretation of the conscience," said Margaret laughingly.

"Mebbe," Will West admitted noncommittally.

Then he told them much more about the Indian ball game. In the old days the game itself was a part of a long religious ceremonial.

Mr. Long confided, "The medicine man keeps in touch with the Great Ball Spirit and it is his job to prepare the players. He gets messages by talkin' to his 'de lah,' the red beads, which he handles with greatest care. The

full day and night before the game are given over to preparation by each team in its separate place.

"After the last practice on the afternoon of the day before the game the players have a big feast," he explained, "this bein' their last meal until after the game. Big fires are built, one for the women to dance by and another for the players, while around other fires old and young sit and tell tales of past heroes."

"How long does that go on?" asked Jerry.

"All night. The next mornin' the players hike round-about to the playin' field, through the brush, over the mountains sometimes many miles."

"Why don't they go the shortest way?" asked Ann.

"The opposing medicine man sends scouts out to sprinkle hard luck herbs over all trails. If any of the players pass over these herbs he will have hard luck," Will West explained gravely.

"The medicine man gives the players herbs to chew before the game."

"Why does he do that?" asked Joyce.

"It rests their nerves and keeps them from gettin' too hot. Then he scratches the bodies of the boys with sharp combs made from rattlesnake fangs, bear claws, turkey quills, or deer or fox bones. Each player is combed until blood flows down his arms, across his chest, and down his back and legs."

"Don't they get infected?" Jerry remembered that Mr. Scott told how they rolled in the dirt during the game.

"No one ever has," Mr. Long assured him.

"Why do they use those combs?" asked Margaret.

"If combed by a rattlesnake's teeth he can strike his opponent like a rattler would. A deer bone comb will make a player swift, and so on. Then after the game

the players all shake hands and a big picnic is spread."

"Then what?" asked Jerry.

"A victory dance is engaged in by the winnin' team which lasts on through the second night."

"Do they still have these dances?" Margaret inquired.

Will West Long was silent. Brian, who, as they had noticed, never volunteered information in the presence of the elders of his own race, did not speak either. Presently, after Mr. Long looked down past the listening group out over the deep misty cove, he answered.

"There's some who will tell you that Indian dances are being revived just lately. It is true that until the Big Highway opened up through here a few years ago our people never did put on dances like they do now at the Fair and at the village for the tourists, but," the old man reflected solemnly, "I've been goin' to dances up here in Big Cove ever since I was a baby on my mother's back, except lately when my rheumatism was so bad."

Later that evening the young people were told that Mr. Long should know about these ceremonials of the coves and valleys for, if reports were true, he himself was not a spectator, nor even an ordinary dancer, but one of the strongest medicine men of the tribe.

After leaving Mr. Long's house they hiked to the top of a nearby mountain to see Mingus Falls. This spectacular cataract plunged down a gigantic irregular stairway nearly two hundred feet to form the swift Mingus Mill Creek that flows into Ravens Fork and feeds Big Cove.

While the girls gathered armfuls of rare wild flowers, dainty pink and purple trillium, red Indian paint-brush and other lovely blossoms, Jerry and Brian climbed to

the top of the falls. They inched their way up the slippery rock steps and sat on a broad flat ledge which had escaped the water's flow, their chins propped on their knees. There they talked long and earnestly.

They started with Jerry's question, "Where do you plan to go to college next year?"

Brian did not reply.

"How about coming to Vanderbilt?" Jerry was eager, thinking of how popular this handsome Indian boy would be on that campus where boys from China, South America and other nations added distinction to the student body.

"It's out of the question." Brian turned his eyes below the tumbling waters.

"Why?" Jerry wondered.

At first reluctantly, then with a rush of feeling Brian poured out his heartfelt longings.

"I wish I could go. Ever since I was a kid I counted on being a doctor like you're going to be. On account of my father's being sick so long I couldn't leave now. My mother isn't well either and I'm their only support. It's been all I could do to keep in school, here, with all the things we've needed, on my earnings at the Inn these two summers. But that's not all."

"What do you mean?"

Brian turned to Jerry. "You see, I wasn't born here at Cherokee. We moved here when I was thirteen and I've made a lot of changes."

"You mean you aren't a Cherokee Indian?" Jerry was puzzled.

"Not full blood. My mother is half Sioux. It's like this. My father left Cherokee as a young man and went to the Indian School at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where he

met my mother, and they fell in love and married. She was a Sioux from South Dakota."

"You said she is half Sioux."

"Yes, her mother was a Sioux, but her father was a French-Canadian artist. When my mother was born her mother died, and as a baby she was taken by her father to his home in Quebec. She grew up in a convent where she studied music and art. After her father's death when she was sixteen, she went back to her Indian people in South Dakota. They managed to send her to Carlisle to continue her musical studies.

"For a while after she and my father were married they lived in Philadelphia and got along fine. There I was born. Then suddenly my father's health broke. The doctors pronounced his trouble tuberculosis." Brian paused.

"Did you move here then?" asked Jerry.

"No." Brian then told of their move to Bon Air, Florida, in the hope that Mr. Sauwood would benefit from the balmy climate. "At first he did and made a good garden which helped out a lot. Mother gave music lessons to the tourists in the town and led in the Baptist church which she joined with my father. We had all we needed, and I liked the school and the people there. Then the boom, which had brought so many wealthy people to the town, burst and the depression struck hard. The music pupils moved away, and as my mother often said, 'There was nothing left but the good air, and that was not enough to live on!'

"It was then," Brian continued, "that my father decided to move back to his vacant three-room cabin on his farm here in Cherokee. When we first returned it was a struggle for mother as well as for me to get adjusted to the lack of conveniences and to the changes in our life. She had

not been strong since the loss of a baby born soon after we moved to Florida. The heavy house and farm work she has had to do here has weakened her more.

"Yet her spirit is what has kept me from complete discouragement," Brian said proudly. "In spite of our hardships and her grief for my father she never lets him down and helps me to be content."

"Does she know how you want to be a doctor?" Jerry asked.

"Yes, and she will not let me give up hope. Only to her and to Sally have I talked about my disappointment. Both of them have a faith in God, that I can't seem to have, although I wish I did."

Jerry paused a moment trying to think of the right words. Just at that time Margaret called insistently for them to come down. "It's time to go home!" she beckoned as the roar of the falls drowned her words.

On the way down Jerry asked, "Have you talked to Dr. Fitzgerald—about your w wanting to have faith?" he worded it awkwardly.

"No," Brian replied. "I'm all mixed up. If God is all my mother and Sally, and you, too, I guess, say He is, why doesn't He give me a chance to be a doctor?"

"Perhaps He will yet." Jerry suggested as he carefully stepped from one large rock to another.

"It's too late now," Brian stopped on a flat boulder and added, "I haven't enough credits anyway."

"Credits? Didn't you just graduate from high school?"

"Sure, but our school doesn't teach the course I need to get me into medical college."

"How do you know?"

The boys continued to pick their way down the falls.



"I sent for some catalogues last year and found out."

"Did you talk to Professor Gilliam?"

"No, there isn't anything he can do about it. You see not many Indians seem to want to be doctors so the courses aren't planned for medical colleges."

"Why didn't you go to some of the high schools around here?"

"Because,—oh well," he finished with a shrug of the shoulders just before they came within earshot of the girls. "I figured it was hopeless, so I finally quit thinking about it. Then when you came and I found out you were in medical school it all came back, and the desire races like a wild animal in my mind."

Around the supper table that evening Margaret turned to her brother, "What on earth were you and Brian discussing so solemnly up at the top of the Falls this afternoon? I thought I'd never attract your attention."

Jerry then told the girls something of the serious conversation he had had with his new Indian friend.

"No wonder you were so quiet when you first came down," said Joyce.

Ann spoke sympathetically. "And all today when he must have been unhappy both because of his father's suffering and his own trouble he seemed so light-hearted and made sure that we were having a good time."

"Jerry," Margaret had a sudden idea, "I wonder if there isn't some way we could get him to attend Carson-Newman College. Perhaps he could work his way through and at the same time make up some of his needed credits in the academy."

Ann nodded, but Jerry was not very optimistic. "Pos-

sibly if there was some way to get him a scholarship, and at the same time take care of his parents."

"I remember he spoke so tenderly of his father coming down the mountain," commented Joyce. "I asked him how he knew the names of so many flowers. He said, 'My father told me always to bring home a sprig of each flower or plant that I don't know, and he tells me what it is'."

"I wish we could meet his parents," said Margaret. "His mother must be a very gallant person, too."

"I doubt if we will have a chance, Margaret," said Joyce. "You know we are to meet Sally Archee early in the morning to take a picture of her in her Seminole dress, and finish our shopping while Jerry and Brian are hiking up Rattlesnake Mountain. Then at ten we go to Yellow Hill Church meeting and stay for dinner on the ground."

"Don't forget we are scheduled to go to the Cherokee ball game tomorrow afternoon," added Jerry.

"Every hour seems full," concluded Ann, as they started up to their rooms to get ready for the meeting soon to begin that evening at the church.

## CHAPTER VIII

### "PLAY THE GAME, BOYS"

It seemed hardly possible that it was just Friday evening, the second day of their visit to Cherokee, so much had happened since their arrival the day before. While Joyce and her friends sat in the mission church with Dr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, waiting for the members of the Training Union to assemble, they asked David Catt, the new president, about the organization.

"We use the Eight-Point Record system," he said proudly. "Then we have a study course every year, and try to carry out all the requirements of the Standard. Each quarter or oftener we have a social, and hold business meetings every month. We take full part in the Sunday School and try to back our pastor up."

"I will vouch for that statement," Dr. Fitzgerald smiled approvingly.

"Every summer we send someone to Baptist Training Union Assembly at Ridgecrest. I went last year," Dave grinned boastingly, "and I sure wish I could study some more with that Professor Reynolds who taught the class in church music."

"How is your attendance, Dave?" asked Jerry.

"We have about twenty-six to thirty members, and they nearly always come. During the school term we often have a room full of visitors."

Ann, who sat next to Mrs. Fitzgerald, asked, "Why don't they have unions for other ages, too?"

"The real difficulty is the lack of leaders," she said quietly.

"It was nice of you to change your time of meeting from Wednesday to Friday night so we could be present," said Joyce to some of the officers who came in and were introduced.

By now the crowd was beginning to gather and take their places.

With the poise and dignity of an experienced presiding officer, Dave called the meeting to order. Ann and Jerry sat near the front with the missionaries, but Margaret and Joyce joined two other girls and sat in the center opposite the only entrance. Mary, who had come in as Dave called the number of the first hymn, started to sit by Joyce.

She whispered, "Your mystery man is coming here tonight," when Dave beckoned her to assist the new secretary, and she did not have a chance to tell more.

Joyce was so excited by this news that she scarcely heard Margaret's whisper, "Don't the girls in the choir look attractive? And they have such lovely voices. It sort of gets you to hear them sing *God Bless America* so feelingly."

"Yes," Joyce brought her mind back to the occasion.

The subject of the program was, "What Is the Purpose of All Christian Endeavor?" The theme was presented with sincerity and understanding without reference to the quarterlies on which they based their remarks. Ann asked Mrs. Fitzgerald afterwards if it had been rehearsed.

"Gracious, no!" she smiled knowingly. "During the school term their programs are often better than this one tonight."

Cain Saunooke was group captain in charge of the program. This tall dark boy with a heavy shock of black hair that stood straight up in front, introduced the subject, and called upon Danny Gloyne for the first discussion.

Danny, a frail, appealing boy much younger looking than the others, explained that our work in churches is not just to build a strong organization or to have a fine building or even to do a lot of good to people.

"Even though these things are very important and often have to be done before anything else is started," he concluded.

Just as Danny returned to his seat, Joyce nudged Margaret, and whispered in surprise, "He didn't leave after all! He's here!"

"Who's here?" Margaret half turned her head before she thought to see who caused such excitement, and caught just a glimpse of someone slipping quietly to the back of the auditorium.

"The mystery man!"

Margaret wanted to look around to make sure but she controlled her curiosity and fixed her attention upon the serious words of the next speaker.

Betty Bradley continued the topic that Danny had begun. She was a plump, pretty little girl with a friendly smile. "As important as a college education is, or as wonderful as it is to be a doctor and build great hospitals to heal the bodies of the people, these are not the final ends for which Christians work. Yet every real Christian program includes these very things."

Sally Archee climaxed the discussion by emphasizing the importance of winning others to Christ and making Him real in their lives.

"That," she told them in her firm sweet voice, her brown eyes shining as she spoke, "is the ultimate end of all Christian endeavor. These other things are worth while and necessary means to that great end."

Then she explained how the proper use of organizations,

dedicated services in worship, music, educated speakers, consecrated preachers, Christian doctors, nurses, all, are used to further that aim. All of our social and educational programs are really expressions of our love for our fellow men, children of the heavenly Father. She concluded with an earnestness that was not only a testimony but a plea, "Whatever our life work, or wherever we go, we as true Christians will give our time and talents and influence to this great missionary task—that of winning others to Christ. 'As the Father hath sent me,' Jesus said, 'even so send I you'."

After she was seated, the president took charge of the service. "Does anyone wish to add a word to the discussion?"

"May I make a statement?" The clipped, distinct accent of the speaker was in contrast to the soft slow voices of the other speakers. All eyes turned to see who had spoken.

A tall, distinguished looking well-dressed Indian stood at the back of the church.

Obviously Dave did not recognize the stranger, but he made him welcome. "We will be glad to hear you, sir."

Joyce and the others exchanged glances as they confirmed their recognition of the mystery man. He strode briskly down the aisle to the front and faced the congregation.

"I realize that only a few of you older people know me," the stranger nodded to Johnson Owl and two or three other elders who were there. "My name is Joe Allan," he began. "I was born in a little log cabin up in Owl Cove. I am the son of Molly and John Allan, who died when I was just a youngster. Just yesterday I returned to Cherokee after an absence of more than twenty years.

"Thanks to Mrs. Fitzgerald I am present tonight," he

acknowledged her with a smile. "She noticed me at the post office this afternoon and introduced herself and invited me. Frankly, I came, not because I was especially interested in coming to church, but in hopes of seeing some of my old friends. I didn't realize that the service would be made up mainly of youngsters who have grown up since I left home.

"I want to tell you though I'm glad I came. What was said here tonight brought back many sad but sweet memories, some of which I'd like to share with you.

"As you old friends know, I wasn't the kind of boy I should have been. My mother was a good Christian woman and tried to lead me right, but after she died my father drank a lot, and I began to follow his example. Brother Lee who used to be here as missionary, could tell you he tried to help me but I was a pretty hard nut to crack.

"In my heart though I wanted to be somebody. As our school here didn't have high school grades at that time, when I was eighteen I went with a bunch of fellows, about six of us, out to the Indian Government Boarding School in Chilocco, Oklahoma. While I was there something happened that changed me. One of the fellows in my class, who went from here, was Richard Wolfe. Dickey, as the boys all called him, was the best student in school and everybody loved him. He was a leader in everything and was a good Christian worker. He was a great football player, and was captain of our team when we were seniors."

The stranger then paused. By this time everyone was listening intently.

"Some of you know what happened to Dickey, and I want all of you younger ones to hear about it. It happened early on the day of a big football game which was to decide our school's championship. Like all of the students,

Dickey had a job to help in the school. He worked in the power house and it was his duty to go down there at four o'clock every morning to start the engines that provided gas and electricity at the school plant. That morning, I will never forget, it was October 8, 1926, he and another boy went down early and lit the gas and the pipes began to throb with pressure of the steam. He noticed that a pump which hadn't worked right for a long time needed attention. Steam was escaping from one of the boilers. After he sent the other boy back to the school for help, he noticed that a pipe carrying the steam had come apart at the elbow. While working on it, the big steam pipe burst and caught Dickey in the scalding stream of live steam. Although it swept over his entire body, he could have run out of it, but he knew if he didn't cut off a valve up over the boiler the whole plant would explode and perhaps the school would burn. Nobody knows how he managed to grope through that searing steam, but he climbed up over the huge boilers and turned off the gas. He staggered blind and in agony toward the school hospital where he soon was found a block away from the power house.

"Tenderly he was carried to the hospital. Everything that could be done by the doctors and nurses was done. But from the first, they and Dickey too, knew that his time was short.

"I can't tell you," there was tense silence in the congregation as the stranger continued, "all that happened that day. But it was terrible for all of us. The missionary told us something about it, and so did the superintendent, Mr. Coryell, and the doctor.

"First thing, Dickey called Mr. Coryell in and asked him to attend to his personal obligations out of some money he was due. There were a few small debts on the campus, and he asked that the amount of his pledge to the church



be set aside. His personal belongings were to go to his brothers, William and Charles, who were also there in school.

"Then he began asking to see some of his schoolmates. The doctor, realizing that the wounds were too deep for severe pain, let the boys in one by one. The missionary who told us about it, noticed that some of the fellows were not his close friends at all. When she asked him about it, he told her that these boys had been on his prayer list to win to Christ and that he could not leave with his part of the job unfinished. What I want you to get is, that Cherokee boy knew what was the purpose of Christian endeavor, and he practiced it to the last moment of his life.

"Later in the day he then sent for other friends. He had a special message for the boy who was to take his place on the team that afternoon, for he had insisted that we go ahead with the schedule. He said to him, 'I have tried to play football as a Christian. Remember that when you take my place on the team. Play the game like Christ would.'

"Never as long as I live will I forget the words he spoke to me as I stood at the foot of his bed that day. He said, 'Joe, you haven't been living right. I know how you've been breaking rules and getting whiskey and doing a lot of other things that are wrong. I want you to promise me, Joe,'—and just there his voice failed, and I was too blinded with tears to do more than stammer a promise as I groped my way brokenheartedly out of the room.

"They told us he slipped back and forth into consciousness all afternoon while we were playing ball. He would pray for the school—that it might be a help to his race; for the missionaries who had brought the Gospel to his people; and for the churches that supported them. He prayed for the football team and for the boys on the

campus who were unsaved. Near the end, turning to those who were standing around his bed he asked them to sing a farewell hymn.

"Then came a brief delirium, in which he went out on the field with us, calling signals, shouting, 'Play the game, boys, play the game! Remember, you are taking my place.' His spirit was with us, but by the time we had finished our last victorious quarter Dickey had fallen into a peaceful sleep, and his own victorious life was committed to his God." Mr. Allan paused a moment in reverent silence, then added:

"A month later there was a great revival in our school. Two missionaries from the Home Mission Board, Mr. Robert Hamilton and Brother G. Lee Phelps, came to help the missionary. One by one the boys and girls for whom Dickey had prayed confessed Christ. I was one of about fifty-three who made that confession before school was out, and many others made their decisions later.

"Through these years it has been hard, for there have been many temptations, but I have remembered my promise to Richard Wolfe and have lived straight. God has blessed me in many ways. For years now I've had a good position in an orchestra that broadcasts from Syracuse, New York. Last year though I had another personal sorrow. I lost my wife and our little daughter. Perhaps I've worked too hard lately. Anyway when the doctor said I needed a complete rest, the Smokies called me home. I'm going to stay here through this summer anyway to try to regain my health, and I realize now my spirit too. This program here tonight reminded me that most of these years I've accepted my faith too lightly. I haven't played the game as Richard did, or as the message of this young lady who spoke tonight challenged us to do. But if the

preacher here can give me a job in Sunday School, I'll take it on as long as I'm here, and I'll do my best."

As he sat down, Dr. Fitzgerald rose and thanked Mr. Allan for this fine testimony, and for his offer to help. "We have been praying for a teacher for the young men's class," his voice was a little husky but his face was beaming.

After the meeting closed most of the members stayed awhile to speak to Mr. Allan and to meet the Fitzgerald's guests.

"You surely had our curiosity up, Mr. Allan," said Jerry frankly when they were introduced. "Joyce and I saw you get off the bus, then you disappeared into thin air. We saw you again at a distance a couple of times, and then Margaret said she saw you leave town this morning."

Mr. Allan laughed heartily. "I didn't realize I was a mystery. My old friend, Mike Walkingstick, met me at the bus yesterday morning, and we just walked between the store and post office up the little trail to his new home on the side of the mountain. Later that afternoon I walked over to Yellow Hill to spend the night with an old friend of my mother's, Mrs. Will Wahneetah," he explained to Mrs. Fitzgerald who stood near. "Mike and I drove over to Snowbird this morning to visit my aged aunt, and here I am tonight!"

"You will never know how much we appreciate your coming here tonight," Dr. Fitzgerald's face was still shining. "I've been thinking that we have a lot of musical talent here on the Reservation, and you might like the idea of organizing a Cherokee band."

A little later the four companions strolled leisurely from the church back to the Inn. They stopped on the bridge

and leaned over the concrete bannister to watch the swift flowing Oconolufy. It was not late, that is not late as the Nashville visitors counted time, although soon after the church was darkened the village had settled down for the night and only a few shop lights vied with the bright full moon.

"Hasn't it been a glorious day?" exclaimed Ann in a hushed voice.

"Let's don't go inside yet," suggested Joyce. "It's not more than ten o'clock and I'm not a bit sleepy."

"Do you want to sit over on those big rocks by the bend of the river for a while?" asked Jerry.

"Let's do!" Margaret agreed, and Ann added poetically, "I don't believe I could stand to go in and miss that silvery moon casting its magic spell over this peaceful vale."

So, for a long time, they sat under the trees in the dappled moonlight, and talked over the happenings of the day.

In the intervals of quiet between conversation, the night sounds grew louder all about them. Frogs croaked incessantly along the stream, their monotonous broken regularly by the boom of a bullfrog. In the distance an owl occasionally hooted, and from far away on the peaceful breeze wafted the plaintive voice of the whippoorwill. The full-leaved trees along the Oconolufy bent their whispering branches low to catch the message of the murmuring waters.

Joyce spoke of the "Little People" that Will West Long had told them about that afternoon and Jerry laughed when she suggested that they might be listening too.

Their thoughts soon came back to the evening program and the unusual testimony which revealed the identity of the mysterious stranger.

Margaret, who had been reclining on one elbow, abruptly sat up and turned toward the other three.

"Did you notice, Jerry," she spoke softly, "that Brian came into church tonight late and left before we could speak to him?"

"He was there when Sally spoke and she looked straight at him at the last of her message," Joyce remembered.

"Yes, and he heard every word Mr. Allan said, even though he sat in the back and didn't look in his direction," said Ann who had watched him from where she sat.

Margaret noticed it was midnight by the illuminated dial on her watch. "We'd better get to bed now," she suggested. "It's getting late by anybody's time."

"If I'm to meet Brian by seven o'clock in the morning for that hike," said Jerry as they started upstairs, "I'd better borrow your alarm clock, Margaret, for I believe everyone in the Inn has gone to bed—and there doesn't seem to be a night clerk."

"Jerry," Margaret said gently, after Joyce and Ann went into their rooms, as she handed him the alarm clock, "I do hope you can be of real help to Brian. Perhaps tomorrow you will have a chance to practice the challenge we heard tonight, and I know you'll 'play the game.'"

His sister pressed his hand as she said good night, and Jerry turned toward his room down the dimly lighted hallway.

## CHAPTER IX

### A LENGTHENING CHAIN

Jerry did not feel sleepy now. His sister's goodnight challenge had crystalized the promptings of his own heart. After Margaret closed her door he paused at the window at the end of the hall and looked out into the still night. In a few minutes he crept noiselessly back down stairs. For a long time he sat on the porch steps in the silent bright moonlight, meditating over the experiences of these days. He marveled that he so suddenly had become enmeshed in the way of a people about whom he had scarcely thought twice in all his life before. Could it be possible that this was just the second day in Cherokee? Or that one short week ago he and his carefree friends had been riding all over the Blue Ridge and stopping in every amusement place around Asheville in search of a good time?

Not that he was a bad sort, he argued to himself. All his life he had gone regularly to Sunday School and church. Of course his father and mother saw to that until he left home for college, but he had really liked to go. He would admit he did not very often apply to himself what the preacher said. The scientific approaches of medicine had given him a few qualms, but the professors at Carson-Newman where he had had his pre-med work had kept him from going off the deep end. One thing he did know. He had had a true spiritual experience when, as a Junior, he had joined the church.

"Funny what an impression that service made upon me

tonight and how responsible I feel for Brian," he said to himself.

Then, silently, Jerry knelt on the deserted steps of the tourist inn and prayed for guidance. Only the brilliant moon, spreading its radiance over the sleeping village bore witness to the earnest tryst Jerry kept in that quiet hour.

Scarcely had he lifted his head and started back upstairs, his heart lightened and his faith strengthened, when he heard in the distance the throb of a motor, and realized even before the headlights appeared that a car was coming into the highway from Soco Valley. He watched the automobile glide through the village, cross the bridge, turn right, and go on up Agency Hill to the hospital.

"Doctor must have had a rush call. Wonder who's sick," he said to himself as he went on up to his room. As he sat the alarm clock he noticed it was exactly two o'clock.

A few hours later Jerry awoke with a start. Why didn't someone answer the telephone? Where was he? Not at home—those pine board walls were strange. He pulled his blanket up over his shoulders and almost dozed again. He felt as though he had scarcely been asleep. There was another ting-a-ling, as the little clock sounded its final run-down note. He blinked and noticed both hands of the clock hanging straight down. He rubbed his eyes. It was six-thirty. He was in Cherokee! Brian would be waiting for him in thirty minutes. A quick shower under an icy mountain spray brought the happenings of the night back in a sudden flash.

"Gosh!" He noticed the time again as he was shaving hastily. "I'll be late again. Brian had to wait for me at target practice yesterday morning!"

Jerry dashed down to the dining room, gulped a cup of coffee, and started down the road to the Soco Valley fork where he had planned to meet his Indian friend. Not so bad! Only five minutes past seven!

Luckily Brian was late this morning. "Wish I'd taken time to eat some eggs and toast," he thought as he waited another five minutes.

Then he heard the chug of a car pulling up the winding road from the valley. "Probably Brian is catching a ride," he conjectured.

From the broad curve where he stood, Jerry peered across the slope and realized only the driver was in the car. As the well-worn automobile pulled up beside him it stopped, and Jerry recognized, of all people he least expected, Dr. Fitzgerald!

"Get in, Jerry," he opened the door. Deep concern was on the missionary's gentle face. "Brian asked me to pick you up here. I have a message from him. He can't go with you on the hike."

"What's the matter, Doctor?"

"Brian's father died early this morning." They drove on toward the village.

"Died?" Jerry turned abruptly. "Then the doctor must have been coming back from there about two o'clock this morning. Have you been there all night?"

"Yes, the end came about one o'clock. He was much worse when Brian got home about nine o'clock last evening. They sent me word about eleven-thirty that it didn't seem that he could possibly live. By the time I arrived his heart action was very bad, and the doctor told me he could not last the night. In a short time after that he fell asleep and did not wake again."

"Brian told us yesterday that his father had been worse



lately and that he and his mother had been up nearly all of the night before. He seems fond of his parents, yet he appears so free-hearted and has helped us have such a good time."

As they reached the Inn, Dr. Fitzgerald stopped the car and turned to his young friend, "Indians are known for their great self-control and for their ability to hide their sorrow and suffering. Yet they are capable of deep emotions and once you become their trusted friend they share their personal feelings with you. It is providential that you are here now, for Brian has developed a real affection for you. He needs you in more ways than one. This morning he told me that he hoped you would come back with me later when I take Mrs. Fitzgerald and Sally Archee."

"I want to!" Then Jerry repeated their conversation at the Falls the day before. He told of Brian's disappointment over giving up his ambition to be a doctor. A little timidly he confessed that Brian had admitted his desire for faith in God, and added, "I just didn't know what to say to him at the time. Yet, after hearing about Richard Wolfe, I want to 'play the game.'"

The missionary listened attentively. "I'm sorry we didn't know about Brian's ambition to study medicine. While it is true that the school here devotes much of its curriculum to agriculture and such subjects as best will help those who remain on the Reservation, the faculty offers special coaching in any subject requested by students who wish to prepare for professional careers. Either Brian felt a hesitancy to ask for special help or else he didn't realize, until too late, that such assistance is available. But that isn't all that has caused his spiritual conflicts, Jerry. We've known for sometime that he has been confused over another matter, one that he has had

too much pride to discuss with any white person."

At Jerry's look of inquiry, Dr. Fitzgerald continued, "He, as is the case with all Indians, resents any evidence of white arrogance. The fact that you and the girls came here without a trace of it and demonstrated by your actions that you believe not only in the preamble to the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, but also in John 3:16 and Acts 17:26, is breaking down his mixed prejudices toward the white man and the white man's God."

"I don't understand you, sir."

"You remember I said when you first arrived that I was glad to have you get acquainted with Brian, and I spoke of your influence?"

"I'll say I remember. That's what set me thinking. I wasn't surprised at your thinking the girls were that good, but I didn't know I looked pious."

Dr. Fitzgerald laughed heartily. "Don't worry, you don't look pious, nor do the girls, either. That's not what I meant. It is simply that we recognized at once that the four of you are the kind of Christian visitors Brian, and the other Indians too, need."

"But we don't know much about Indians, I least of all."

"No, but you showed respect and appreciation for individuals of another race, for those of a different way of life. Brian realized it too. That's why he responded to you so spontaneously.

"You see, the boy has had some rather severe shocks these past few years. As he told you he was raised among white people, and taught by gentle, cultured parents. Until he came to Cherokee in his early teens he had little or no consciousness of belonging to a different race. And I know that for a while after he came here he rather idolized his former white friends.

"Then he began working at the Inn and his disillusionment began. Thousands of tourists from far and near stop over here during the summer months remaining from two or three hours to several days. Some of them are very thoughtless and rude to the people who serve them here. I have heard them speak very patronizingly, even dominantly, using tones that no man should use to another. Others look upon Indians as they would animals in a zoo. Some act as though they do not realize the Cherokees understand English, and make silly, uncomplimentary remarks in their presence. Some in their ignorance and race snobbishness seem to think that culture begins and ends with an enamel bathtub. Then, as I mentioned the other night, many who claim to be Christians are so inconsistent in their conduct here on the Reservation that they tear down Christian standards faster than we can build them up. Nor does it help our church members to discover that some of these individuals are members of their own denomination, or some other Christian church."

"Gee, I didn't realize how much depended upon us. No wonder Brian is all mixed up."

"Not all who come to Cherokee are guilty of these attitudes," Dr. Fitzgerald added, "and few people are deliberately or even consciously cruel. It's just that it's so easy for members of any majority group to forget and ignore the rights and equalities due minorities, especially those who are set apart by color, mode of living, or unusual customs."

"What so often seems to us to be trivial in discrimination toward many of our minority groups is an insurmountable barrier to those who are affected. If we could remove some of the social, political, and economic injustices and inequalities there would not be such deep-seated religious difficulties. It's hard to preach the fatherhood of God

unless you practice the brotherhood of man. Goodness!" Dr. Fitzgerald looked at his watch. "I didn't realize time is passing so fast. I am deeply concerned about what you told me, but I must go now. We will discuss this again on our way out to the Sauwood's this morning. Be assured I will not only be much in prayer for Brian, and you too, but will be on hand to help if you need me."

Jerry got out of the car. "Thank you, sir. I appreciate all you have said. When shall I meet you?"

"Be ready by nine o'clock," Dr. Fitzgerald instructed.

"Isn't there something I can do for you in the meantime?"

"Yes, there is. No doubt the girls are up by now. It will help us if you take Sally Archee the message about Mr. Sauwood, and tell her she may ride out with us."

"She's already planning to meet the girls here at the Inn at eight o'clock," Jerry informed him.

"Good! Then just ask her either to come on over to our house or to meet us here with you. And, I almost forgot," he called back as he started the engine, "the folks will be expecting you at the union church meeting up at Yellow Hill at ten o'clock. I'm sure your sister and the other girls will want to go on up there with Mary even though you will have to miss the service. I will try to get back myself in time for the twelve o'clock sermon which they have asked me to preach. I'll really not be needed before then."

The time passed quickly for the girls.

They wrote scenic cards and selected gifts for members of their families and friends. It was interesting to mail their cards at the little Cherokee post office operated by Mrs. Emily Walkingstick, the only Indian postmaster in the United States.

A little before ten o'clock Mary Fitzgerald joined them to ride in Margaret's car the mile and a half to Yellow

Hill Church where the Baptist union meeting was in session. As she climbed into the car she remarked, "Mother suggested that you might want to go out to the Sauwood's home this evening for a short call upon Brian and his mother."

"Indeed we would," Margaret answered for all of them.

"Then she wondered if you would like to call upon Richard Wolfe's mother this afternoon?"

"What about the ball game?" Ann asked.

The girls looked at each other.

"Personally," said Joyce, "I'd rather meet Richard's mother if there isn't time for both, for after all we've heard a lot about that game, and we can see it when we come again."

"I feel that way, too," agreed Ann, "and to tell the truth, I'm not so keen on bloody sports anyway."

"Our interest was largely on Jerry's account," Margaret added. "But now I don't think any of us are in the mood for such entertainment, feeling as we do about Brian's sorrow."

They had scarcely turned off the highway onto the country road when they approached Mr. Allan, with his coat slung over his shoulder striding down the middle of the road.

"There goes our mystery man!" exclaimed Ann.

"He isn't a mystery man any longer," declared Joyce, "and I'll bet he's on his way to the same place we are."

"Would you like a lift to Yellow Hill Church?" offered Margaret, as they overtook him.

"Much obliged," he gladly accepted. "This June sun is pretty hot for a city slicker."

Mr. Allan was a helpful companion. Although he had been away from the Reservation a long time, Yellow Hill had been his mother's church, and the one to which she

had taken him as a boy. He knew and was remembered by all the older Cherokees, who for the most part made up this congregation.

Like all of the Cherokee country churches the building was plain, substantial, rather crudely furnished with home-made benches and pulpit furniture. On the day before, in their trip over the Reservation the group had stopped in at Wright's Creek and Rock Spring churches, and were impressed with the spotlessly clean appearance of the buildings. Significantly, in each of these little one-room churches back in the coves and valleys there were denominational posters on the walls, Standards of Excellence for Sunday School and Woman's Missionary Union, and other indications that the Cherokees realized that they were a part of a world-wide program of work.

Although it was interesting to hear the reports of the twelve associating churches, it was the singing that impressed the visitors. This was done for the most part in Cherokee, led by Rev. Goliath George, the Sunday School missionary. In spite of the guttural utterances of the congregation singing in a strange language, the girls found themselves joining in English versions of "Come to Jesus," "Alas, and Did My Saviour Bleed," "There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood," and other rich and beautiful hymns, scarcely conscious that the words were not the same.

This feeling of oneness in worship was true also in the humble prayer in Cherokee led by the saintly Rev. Andrew Otter, one of their oldest preachers. Rev. George preached the eleven o'clock evangelistic and doctrinal sermon, which would not have seemed so long, but it had to be interpreted into English. The message of practical counsel preached by Dr. Fitzgerald who, true to his promise, came at twelve o'clock, had to be translated into Cherokee. The interpreter was Rev. Ben Bushyhead, Will Rogers' cousin.

Due recognition was given to Joe Allan's homecoming, and a hearty welcome extended to the "missionary tourists" as Dr. Fitzgerald introduced his visitors. Prayers of sympathy were offered for the family of Harry Sauwood. Dr. Fitzgerald announced that the funeral would be Sunday afternoon, and that friends would be welcome at the house that night for the customary hymn sing. He then excused himself as he returned to the bereaved family.

Upon adjournment at one-thirty the congregation was ready for the bountiful spread that the Missionary Society of Yellow Hill Church had prepared. Not, however, before everybody took time for an old-fashioned handshake outside the church door.

Tall, outspreading trees formed a natural arbor for the long board table, heaped with all the good dishes commonly associated with dinner-on-the-ground affairs. Joyce, darting here and there with her camera, had a good time with everyone, and hardly took time to get her share of fried chicken. Ann and Mary, their plates heaped with salad and sandwiches, sat on the church steps and talked earnestly with Uncle Samson, the aged ex-chief.

Mr. Allan brought a short bench from the church for Margaret to sit on, where he joined her. Between affectionate greetings from his many friends, he gave her interesting side lights upon several of those present.

There was motherly Mrs. Wahneetah of whom Margaret had already heard. "Aunt Kamie," as Mr. Allan called her, insisted that Margaret have a piece of her wild strawberry pie, though she had already piled a huge slice of chocolate cake on her crowded plate.

"I'm not her real nephew," Mr. Allan explained, as she went on around the table. "But she and my mother were just like sisters, and she looked after me most of the time after my parents died. She is the only living daughter of

Uncle Samson, and has been a blessing to this whole community."

"Mary mentioned that she is president of the Missionary Society and superintendent of the Sunday School," Margaret remembered.

Mr. Allan told her more about Ex-chief Owl. It had been a great privilege to meet this distinguished old chieftain. In spite of his nearly ninety years and almost total blindness there were in his dignified bearing and noble countenance both goodness and greatness.

"He was chief when I left Cherokee," Mr. Allan told Margaret. "He was very industrious before his wife, whom we affectionately called Aunt Susan, died, and he lost his eyesight. He and his wife operated the first craft shop on the Reservation, and they made a lot of money. She and her sister who married Uncle Samson's brother were Catawba women, and were famous pottery makers."

"Mrs. Welch told us yesterday that the Cherokees made pottery like the Catawbas." Margaret again remembered.

"Aunt Susan was best known though for her good works and great faith. She and Uncle Samson were the best Christians I have ever known."

"He doesn't look very prosperous now," remarked Margaret, looking across at his kind countenance which commanded respect in spite of his shabby clothes and dimmed eyes.

"He gave away all he ever made," Mr. Allan assured her. "He not only saw that his own children and grandchildren were educated, but helped send at least six of his brother's orphan children to college. He even gave me a lift once when I was in a tight place, and I'm no blood relation." He paused as he remembered the occasion of this favor. "Of course I regarded it as a loan and paid



him back as soon as I was able, but he would never have asked me for it."

"It's too bad—."

"Too bad? What do you mean?" Mr. Allan was puzzled.

"I guess I was just thinking aloud," Margaret was a little flustered.

He persuaded her to go on.

"I was just thinking that it was too bad that Brian Sauwood doesn't have an uncle or a grandfather or somebody who could give him a lift toward his ambition to be a doctor."

But before Margaret could explain further the crowd was breaking up and it was soon time to go.

Mr. Allan followed the girls to the car. "I'll ask for a ride this time." He smiled. "For I want to hear more about this boy who causes you so much concern."

Long after they returned to the village, the girls sat in the car and talked to Mr. Allan about their interest in Brian's problems. They told him how he and Jerry had become such friends; how Brian had had to give up hope of becoming a doctor; the distress he admitted in his soul; and the affection he and Sally Archee had for each other. They told of the effect which last night's service, especially Mr. Allan's testimony and the story of Richard Wolfe, had upon all of them, and how Jerry had been with Brian that day.

The Sauwood's were strangers to Mr. Allan for although the name was familiar, Mr. Sauwood had left the Reservation before Mr. Allan was born and had returned with his wife and son while he was away. He made little comment but asked many questions until the girls told him all they knew about the family.

Before anyone realized it, it was the hour at which they had planned to visit Richard Wolfe's mother.

Mary reminded them, "We'd better be going. They live about three miles on the way to Birdtown. Would you like to go with us?" she turned to Mr. Allan.

"Would I?" Mr. Allan was delighted. "That is too good to be true. I sent word by John Wolfe this morning to tell his mother that I'd try to see her this evening. You see I sold my car before I left Syracuse, and it will take a little while to get back to enjoying these long jaunts on shanks mare."

Not until after they climbed the steep path to the well-built, two-story log house on the side of the mountain and were introduced to Richard Wolfe's mother did the visitors discover to their surprise that she was now Mrs. Moses Owl.

"Why didn't somebody tell us?" Joyce looked astonished.

Mary laughed. "I beg your pardon! I should have told you, but somehow there has been so much to talk about that it completely slipped my mind."

Moses had gone over to Bryson City on business and Mrs. Owl was alone. She seemed as glad to see Mr. Allan as if he were her own son. There were chairs a plenty on the wide front porch so they sat there. While Mrs. Owl asked Joe about his health and other personal matters, Mary explained quietly in an aside to her friends that Mrs. Owl was a Pueblo Indian from Laguna, New Mexico.

"She does look different from other women we have seen here," observed Ann.

"Yes, she is much shorter, has a rounder face, and she has a different accent," commented Joyce.

"How did she get way over here?" asked Margaret.

Mary told quickly how she had attended the popular Indian school in Carlisle, Pennsylvania. John Wolfe, from Cherokee was also there, and they met and were married. "Upon graduation they came to his farm home in the mountains, where Richard, his sister Jessie, and his brothers were born. After Mr. Wolfe's death she later married Moses Owl, who helped her to make a happy home for her children."

The girls realized that Mrs. Owl's and Mr. Allan's conversation had now shifted to the subject of Richard. Mr. Allan's presence and his promptings suggested many interesting incidents in the childhood of her heroic son, and it pleased Mrs. Owl to share her memories with her interested visitors. She took them into the front room and showed them Richard's photographs and some of the Chilocco school papers which told of her son's popularity and varied interests while a student there.

"You have so many beautiful pieces of Indian art, Mrs. Owl," Margaret was admiring a large round gray bowl decorated with black zigzag figures.

"That's an Ac-o-ma vase," Mrs. Owl told her. "It has been in my family since before I was born."

She answered their questions about the rare baskets made by the Papago Indians in Arizona, and the exquisitely woven Navajo rugs, worthy of places in a museum. She told them, in answer to their inquiries, about her own childhood in Laguna, New Mexico, one of the largest pueblos in that state.

"My parents were devout Christians, won by Presbyterian missionaries who established a school in Laguna about 1880." Turning to Mary she said, "I have a message for your mother." Then to the others she explained, "Mrs. Fitzgerald sends me copies of *Southern Baptist Home*

*Missions* when they have articles about the New Mexican Indians. In the copy she sent me the other day, I read an account of a Laguna girl, Esther Sawtrom, who has become a Baptist missionary to our people."

"Oh, I know about her," Joyce couldn't help interrupting. "She is the paralytic girl who once visited some relatives in Isleta where we have a Baptist mission. She heard one of our missionaries speak, and felt the call to be a missionary in spite of her affliction. I remember hearing she overcame all kinds of obstacles of health and finances to go to the Baptist Bible Institute in New Orleans."

"Yes," Mrs. Owl continued. "This article tells how she miraculously improved and now rides horseback for miles every day among our people. Well," she smiled at Mary, "tell your mother she will be interested to know that Esther Sawtrom's father was my first cousin."

"Not really!" Joyce was excited.

Mary was trying to remember something else she had heard about Laguna. "I knew your parents were Presbyterians, Mrs. Owl, but it seems to me I've heard Father talk about a Baptist preacher going to Laguna a long time before."

"Yes, Mary. You are right. I remember as a little girl the graves of two Baptist Indians and the ruins of an old chapel were pointed out to me. Let me see if I can recall the story. There was a Baptist preacher—his name was Samuel Gorman. He came to New Mexico about 1850 and got interested in our Laguna people. The Baptist Mission Board helped him some and he worked like a true shepherd. I remember hearing how there were several Indians who understood the Gospel message and became believers. After a few years his wife, who was sick all the time he was there, died and he left our place soon afterwards because of his own ill health.

"Later when the Presbyterians came to establish a school they found nine Indians in the midst of that otherwise pagan village who had remained faithful all those twenty or more years. It was my good fortune that my grandfather, who was also Esther's great-grandfather, was one of those believers, and became a strong leader in the Presbyterian mission."

"That's really a remarkable story," said Mr. Allan. "When you think of it, a long chain of Christian influence has grown out of Samuel Gorman's early missionary efforts, though the results must have seemed pretty small at the time. You see, the work of the Presbyterians was not only made easier, but the Christian training from that New Mexican pueblo was transferred here to Cherokee when Richard's mother married and came here to rear her family. I didn't mention it last night, but the school at Chilocco has been predominantly Christian since Richard gave his life there."

"And his influence is still winning others to Christ and to His service," Mary added.

"Yes, and don't forget the other links in the chain," reminded Joyce. "Esther was already a Christian when she visited Isleta. And her influence and devotion will always be a challenge."

"I remember reading a story once," Margaret remarked, "about the influence of a good teacher's life. It ended with a sentence something like this, 'Every teacher draws a lengthening chain.' Certainly it is true that he who teaches God's Word draws an ever-lengthening chain."

Their visit that evening to the Sauwood home was another meaningful experience. They learned something of the way in which Cherokee faith expresses itself in the presence of death, and the tribe's helpfulness to one another in the time of trouble. As in other neighborhoods,

delicious cakes, pies and other foods were cooked and brought to the bereaved family. There were dozens of little bunches of flowers from home gardens. Two or three wreaths from the florists, including the one Margaret had ordered that morning for the four of them, decorated the room where the body lay in its plain black coffin. A committee from the Cherokee council had taken charge and attended to every thing they could.

One of the most impressive parts of the experience was the chance the girls and Jerry had to share in the all night hymn singing, an interesting Cherokee custom.

Friends had been coming and going all day, but toward night larger numbers gathered from the nearby townships. They sat on the porch and in the front rooms of the small house. Rev. Goliath George, his wife and other members of Rock Springs Church choir led the group in sweet Christian songs of faith and hope, in both Cherokee and English.

Sally Archee helped Jerry and the girls feel at home, and so did Brian who did not forget his hospitable manner. As soon as they arrived he led them to his mother's side.

Mrs. Sauwood was splendid. She was very calm and quiet in her grief. She was a tall, stately woman, characteristic of the Sioux women of her mother's tribe. In quiet dignity she told Margaret how much Jerry had meant to them that day.

On the way back to the Inn late that evening Margaret, who was sitting on the front seat with Jerry, asked if he had talked to Brian about accepting Christ.

"Yes, Meggie," he used an old pet name he hadn't used much since they were grown. "I did. Early this morning he seemed rather rebellious, but during Dr. Fitzgerald's prayer a little later he turned and left the room. I followed and told him how much it meant to me to be his friend

and that I wanted to help him if he would let me. Somehow I could talk to him better since a conversation I had with Dr. Fitzgerald this morning before we went out there." And Jerry discussed with the girls that significant subject of Indian-white relationships.

"I'm sure Brian is ready to trust Him, although he has not given full consent. He said just before we left that he would see me before we leave, and asked me to pray that he would 'get straightened out'—he touched his heart as he said it—'by morning'."

"And so will we," said Margaret softly, and the others gave assent.

## CHAPTER X

### WHO GOT CHUMMY?

It was about one o'clock on Sunday in early June. Jerry Williams, accompanied by his sister Margaret and two of her girl friends, was driving an automobile with a Tennessee license, up the smooth Smoky Mountain motorway westward toward Newfound Gap.

"You are now leaving the Qualla Reservation," called out Joyce, who sat by the driver, in her mock tourist guide voice, "home of the Eastern Band of Cherokees."

"We can read, too," laughed Ann from the back seat, as she noticed the road sign in passing.

"You're mistaken, Joyce," corrected Margaret seriously, "we are not leaving Cherokee; we are taking it with us."

"You're right, Meggie," agreed her brother, his eyes fixed on the winding, hard-surfaced road as it ascended toward the headwaters of the Oconolufy River.

"Perhaps I shouldn't mention it," Joyce turned toward Margaret and Ann with a mischievous wink, "but it seems to me that I remember a warning from a certain person on our way to Cherokee against getting chummy with the Indians. May I ask," she looked teasingly at Jerry, "just who got chummy?"

Jerry leaned back and relaxed his grasp of the wheel as the road straightened for a short stretch. Laughing heartily, he confessed, "O.K., Joyce. I'm out on a limb—but I like it, and I intend to keep that Indian boy for my chum from now on out. I don't mind admitting," he went on solemnly, "these four days have been about the most meaningful I've ever spent. I know I've never been as



happy in all my life as I was when Brian walked down the aisle in response to Dr. Fitzgerald's invitation this morning."

"I know just how you feel, Jerry," said his sister sympathetically. "I had that same thrill when I helped win my roommate at Blue Mountain to Christ. It's the most glorious experience! And I think I was as happy as you when Brian thanked you for helping to 'straighten him out', as he called it."

"Did you notice how Sally stopped singing and I believe she stopped breathing, she stood so still there in the choir when he started down to shake Dr. Fitzgerald's hand?" asked Joyce.

"Yes, and did you see how he looked at Sally when he said how much he appreciated the missionaries and some others sticking to him all this time, when he didn't give them much encouragement?" added Ann.

"Were you surprised, Jerry, when Brian came in and sat down by you at almost the end of the sermon?"

"No, Joyce. Mary Fitzgerald had handed me a note just before the service started. Sally went over to the mission early this morning with the good news from Brian. She had stayed at the Sauwood's until about seven o'clock when some neighbors offered her a ride back to Cherokee. Brian made his decision during the night and sent word to Dr. Fitzgerald and to me that he 'is all straightened out', and wanted to come into the church today while we are here. But that's not all he told her," Jerry smiled knowingly.

"What do you mean, Jerry?" asked Margaret.

"Something romantic?" Joyce was suspicious.

"You guessed it, Joyce. He told me about it while he helped me put our bags in the car. He asked Sally last night if she would wait for him to go away to school, make

up his credits, and go through medical school—even if it took ten years or longer, for he would have to work his way through.”

“And of course she said, yes,” supplied Ann.

“Not only yes, but she said she had made up her mind she was going to college too, that she could work her way through as well as he could. She said while he was studying medicine she would go to the Missionary Training School so she could be a better missionary to their people when they begin their life together.”

“That’s going to be a terrible struggle, for neither of them has a cent to start with,” Joyce predicted.

“Well—I don’t know about that,” Margaret said insinuatingly. “You know there’s a pot of gold at the foot of every rainbow.”

“Look, there’s a purple mountain!” Joyce excitedly broke into Margaret’s remark. In spite of their absorption in the discussion of their recent experiences the spectacular beauty of the constantly higher horizons claimed their attention.

There it was. This was the peak of the season for the purple rhododendron. Masses of these royal blossoms crept over and completely covered not one but several entire mountaintops, seeming to push the timber line down as ruthlessly as snow does in the Rockies.

As this was the four travelers’ first trip through the National Parkway they were unprepared for the scenic grandeur that stretched before them, changing at every turn.

The near-at-hand views were just as arresting. Gigantic trees, which at a distance had looked like tufted green carpet spreading over the entire landscape, along the roadway seemed to brush the sky. The rugged trunks of

these ancient balsam, hemlock, spruce and poplar trees were in sharp contrast to the tender foliage at their roots. Thick wet mosses, plumelike ferns and tangled vines were partly hidden by clusters of dainty laurel and the clumps of bright azaleas.

Superlatives soon were exhausted, and in silent awe the girls drank in this wilderness of beauty. Above the hum of the motor they listened to the splash of streams tumbling down deep-worn rocky crevices. They watched the trickle of tiny waters oozing out of the porous boulders which served as retaining walls where ingenious engineers had tried to straighten the crooked road bed. Jerry had to give close attention to the flow of traffic as the car swung abruptly back and forth around successively higher ridges up toward the summits of giant peaks.

At Newfound Gap, a broad level parkway between loftier crests, there were scores of cars from a dozen states. Jerry found an empty lane just in front of a large sign, marked, "North Carolina-Tennessee" and beneath were the figures, "5,045 feet high."

The sun was shining brightly overhead though there were signs of a recent shower, for rain spills easily in the Smokies. Hundreds of sightseers thronged the low rock ledge which protected the sides of the gap from the steep Oconolufy River Gorge below.

Jerry and the girls picked a less crowded spot where they could gaze quietly down through the low hanging fog to see the road like a looping thread on which a few minutes ago they had been riding so smoothly.

They lifted their eyes out across the widening horizon to the immense semi-circle of blended hills and valleys softened in outline by the swirls of smoky haze. A drift in the clouds exposed a wide expanse to the sun, and nearby a voice called, "See the rainbows!"

Soon everyone along the wall was thrilled by a rare spectacle, for above the second bow a third clear arch soon appeared.

"That reminds me, Margaret," Joyce said apologetically a few minutes later when the colors vanished, "I very rudely interrupted you while we were coming up the mountain just as you said something about a rainbow."

"Yes, Joyce, I know you did, and what I started to say will be grand news for all of you, but I realized that if I said any more at the time you would be so excited over it that you wouldn't even see the glorious views we would all like to enjoy. And besides, I had kept this secret over an hour then, so I decided to wait until you could give full attention."

"What on earth are you talking about, Margaret? Don't be so mysterious. Hurry up and tell us," Ann insisted.

"All right. You remember after the church service, just before we left while Robert was helping Jerry load our baggage, and you two were having a goodbye session with Sally and Mary? I was over near the mission steps talking to Dr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald when Mr. Allan came up and said he wanted to talk to us privately. So we went into the house for about five minutes."

"Yes, and that's what held us up. We were all set to leave. I had to blow the horn to get you to come out," Jerry remembered. "What happened?"

"I'll tell you. Mr. Allan said, 'I have come to a decision about a matter, and although I don't know all the procedures, I want to talk to you about it before you Nashville folks get away,' and he told me I was largely responsible for helping him to decide, and that I could tell you, but he didn't want the folks at Cherokee to know until all the details are worked out."

"What details, Margaret? Don't keep us in suspense," Joyce begged.

"I'm not," Margaret insisted. "I'm trying to tell you. Mr. Allan said he had saved quite a large sum of money while he was in that big orchestra, and he hadn't been able to make up his mind how to invest it, but now he knows."

"He knows, and I guess you know but it looks like we won't ever know," Ann was impatient.

"It's because you keep interrupting. It's this: He wants to offer Brian and Sally, both, scholarships that will cover their full expenses for a two-year course at Carson-Newman. Then he will supplement their expenses for the rest of their college work with a partial scholarship, for he thinks they will be able to earn some of their own way after that."

"You mean he's going to see them through school?" Jerry couldn't believe his ears.

"That's right, and guess what he's going to name the scholarships?"

"Tell us. I'm too thrilled to try to guess," declared Joyce.

"The Richard Wolfe Scholarship and the Mary Newman Scholarship."

"That's grand about Richard's being honored, but why Mary Newman?" wondered Ann.

"I think I know," Joyce turned to Margaret to verify her guess. "It's in honor of Mrs. Fitzgerald, for that was her name before she married."

"You're right," nodded Margaret. "Mr. Allan said he wanted to honor her in behalf of all that missionaries have done to lead young people of his race to Christ and to His service, and then he said that in addition to recognizing Richard Wolfe as a great soul-winner and the one who led

him to Christ, he wanted to pay tribute to all young men and boys of our country who have the courage and the devotion to 'play the game' with their companions."

Margaret looked at her brother, but Jerry didn't notice. He was looking out across the Oconolufy River Gorge, over Thomas Ridge to Snowbird Mountains. Jerry did not recognize these historic lands of the Indians by name, but he knew that somewhere beyond those distant rims lay Soco Valley and that nestled at the foot of old Oo-ga-nah-tah was the little village of Cherokee.

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